No. 2386.—Vol. 93.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

February 16, 1907.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 172 Strand, London, W.C.

THE GREAT THAW TRIAL

PICTURES OF THE TOPIC OF THE HOUR.

The great Thaw Trial, the biggest sensation that the world has known for years, is engrossing public attention in a manner that has seldom been equalled. Huge fees are being paid to counsel—it is said that Mr. Delphin Delmas has received £20,000. Men and women are fighting for seats in court, that they may hear, first hand, the story of crime and vice which is being told day by day. Our pictures show, on the left, Mr. Harry K. Thaw, Mr. Delmas (his counsel), and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. In the centre, a unique photograph of Mrs. Harry Thaw, round whom is centred the main interest of the case, and a sketch of the prisoner's array of counsel. On the right are Mr. Stanford White, the murdered architect, Mr. Jerome, who is conducting the case for the prosecution, and a sketch of the prisoner in court.

(The Sketches in Court are by courtesy of *The New York Herald*, and Photos by the Topical Press Agency).

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

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and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once (a postcard will do) to Prof. G. KEITH-HARVEY (Room 762) 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for illustrated booklet fully describing an entirely new self applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free if you mention this paper.

One of the most recent testimonials is that of Mr. W. J. MILLER, 10, Grove Street, Glasgow, who writes:—

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Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

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EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

The Opening of Parliament and Interesting People of the Week.

[*Photo, Hills and Saunders.*

The late Lord Goschen, a grand old man of Parliament.

The Late Lord Goschen.

A man of powerful mind, an acute thinker, cautious in temperament, and with a witty and caustic tongue, the late Viscount Goschen has done valuable work in the service of his country. He was of German and Semitic origin, his grandfather being a Leipzig publisher.

At Rugby young Goschen is remembered as having knocked down a boy who spoke slightingly of him as a Jew. At Oriel College, Oxford, he took a first in classics.

[*Photo, Royal Studio.*

Crimean Veteran dead: The late Gen. Sir Archibald Alison, G.C.B., who died last week.

For a dozen years after taking his degree he was in the City banking firm of Fruhling and Goschen, of which his father was a member. Lord Goschen was a great business man, but he preferred politics. He wrote a lucid treatise on Foreign Exchanges, and in 1858 was a director of the Bank of England.

The City sent him to Parliament as a Liberal when he was only thirty-two, and he remained one of its members from 1863 to 1880.

His Parliamentary progress was very rapid, though he had a harsh voice, weak eyesight, and many awkward mannerisms, and when speaking whirled his arms round amazingly. President of the Board of Trade in 1865, he was taken into the Russell Cabinet in 1866, he having then been in the House barely three years.

He accepted a peerage instead of office in 1900, and in the House of Lords has more than once donned his old armour and fought effectively.

The Late General Alison.

The Crimean veteran who passed away last week was born in Edinburgh in 1826. Sir Archibald received his education at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and it may be said from his earliest youth he selected the Army for a career. In his twentieth year he received a commission in the 72nd Highlanders. As captain in that regiment, he served in the Crimea, and was present at the assault on Sebastopol, and was also with the Kertch expeditionary force. That he was faultlessly brave and gallant throughout any who knew the bright, generous Scottish soldier would never doubt, and all the records of his long and distinguished services show that such was the case. From the Crimea he went to India during the Mutiny, in 1857. There he acted as Military Secretary to Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), a post which, under that stern old warrior, who insisted upon every man doing his duty, and letting them all understand none could do too much for their Sovereign and country, was no sinecure. It was at Lucknow that he lost his left arm, a misfortune which he bore with heroic fortitude.

In the first Ashanti Expedition of 1873-4 (says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*), Sir Archibald had command of the European brigade. It was in the strenuous close fighting through the forest and bush, when the truculent Ashantis were swarming in tens of thousands and refused to give way an inch, that the day seemed lost. Wood and Buller were with the native levies off on the right, and apparently nothing more could be done but continue as long as possible the ding-dong battle. Alison sent back to Wolseley, telling him the exact nature of the situation, and asking for reinforcements to drive back the Ashanti centre.

Wolseley replied that he had no men to send him, as all the reserves were fighting. On receiving the message Alison said to his kilted compatriots, the redoubtable Black Watch, "Men, you must break through them. Come on!" And up rose the 42nd, and with a rush ran with the bayonet at the Ashantis. It was a short, a wild, and a sanguinary struggle. Then the natives, unaccustomed to such vigorous and intrepid tackling, broke and fled, and the decisive victory of the campaign was won. It was a little later that Sir Archibald, who rode a mule, having his right, and only, arm severely injured, continued his dauntless leadership, going forward holding the reins in his teeth.

Lord Charles Beresford and the Banshee.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford arrived at New York last week, *en route* to Mexico, on matters connected with the death of his brother, Lord Delaval Beresford. He mentioned that the death of his brother was announced by the wailing of a banshee at the family home at Curraghmore.

The banshee is locally believed to wail at the death of any member of the Beresford family, and the story was revived at the death of the Marquis of Waterford by his own hand in 1895, for the banshee is reported to have appeared on the eve of the tragedy.

Curraghmore also has a ghost story, which is implicitly believed by the Irish peasants.

The story is that in October, 1693, the ghost of Lord Tyrone appeared to Lady Beresford, the wife of Sir Tristram Beresford, and announced:

(1) That Lord Tyrone (of whose death she had not heard) had died some days previously.

(2) That she would be blessed with a long-wished-for heir.

(3) That she would survive her husband, and marry a second time.

(4) That she would die at forty-seven.

All these things came to pass, and the last in a tragic manner. Lady Beresford was congratulating herself that she had passed her forty-seventh birthday, and was approaching her forty-eighth, when she met the clergyman who christened her. He, not knowing of the prediction, informed her that she was really only forty-seven.

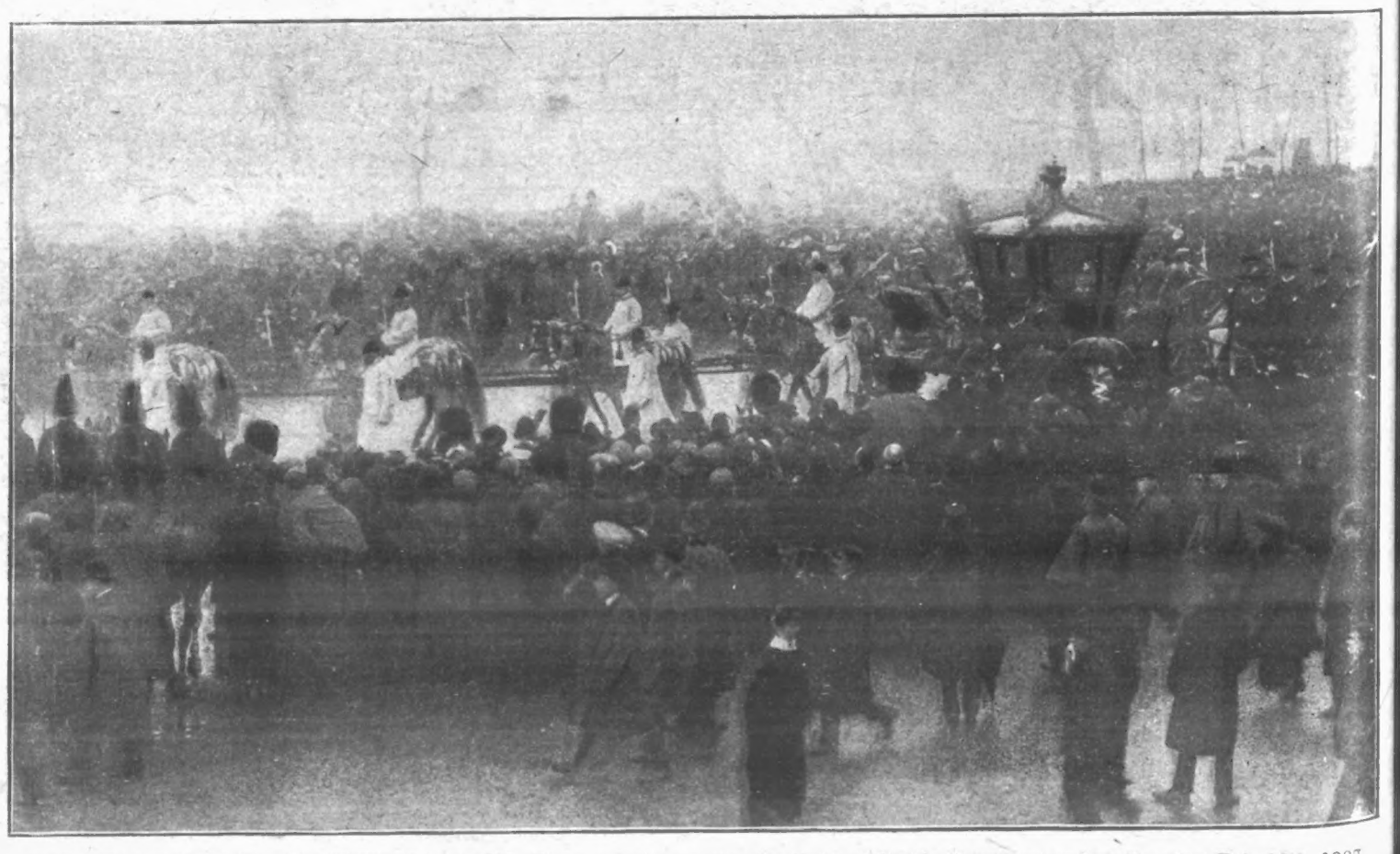
"You have signed my death-warrant," she cried. "Leave me, I pray, for I have not much longer to live."

That same afternoon, after telling her story to Sir Marcus Beresford, her son, and Lady Riverstone, her daughter, she died. And the proof of it all was that her wrist was withered where the ghost had touched her.

[*Photo, Russell.*

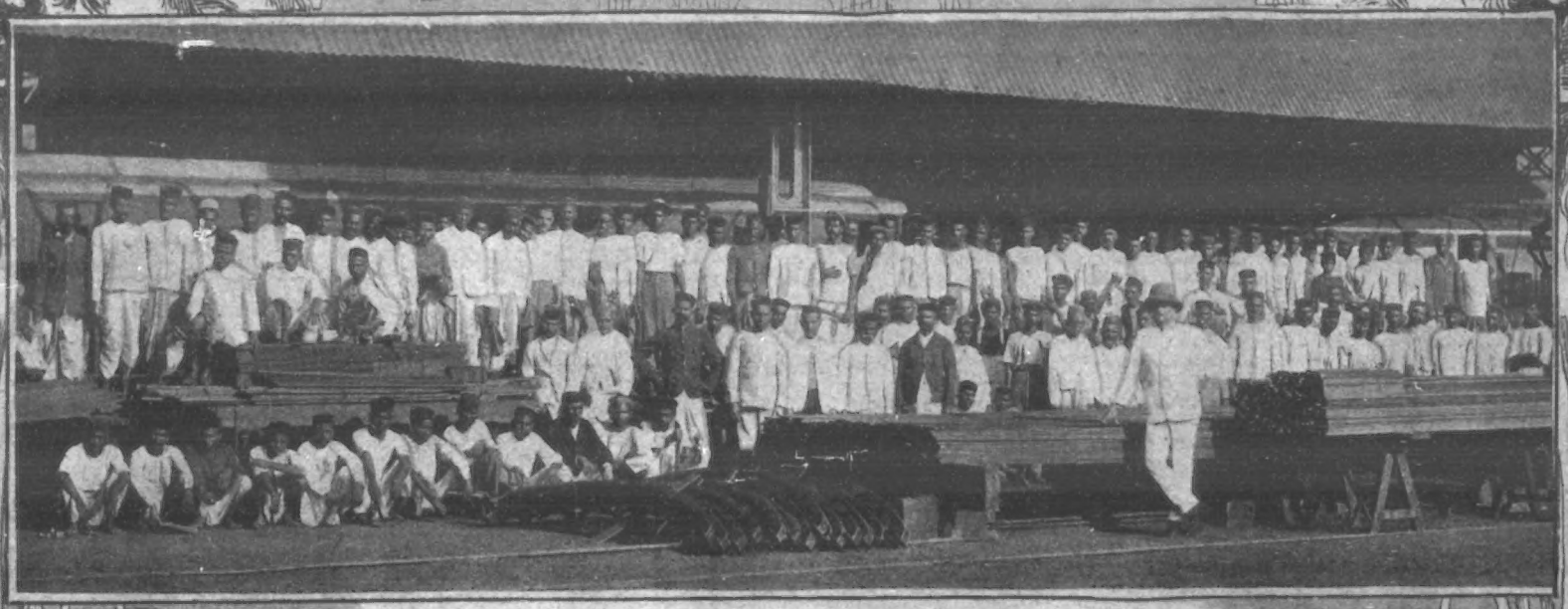
Admiral Sir D. H. Bosanquet, who succeeds Admiral Douglas as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

First Labour J.P. for London: Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P.

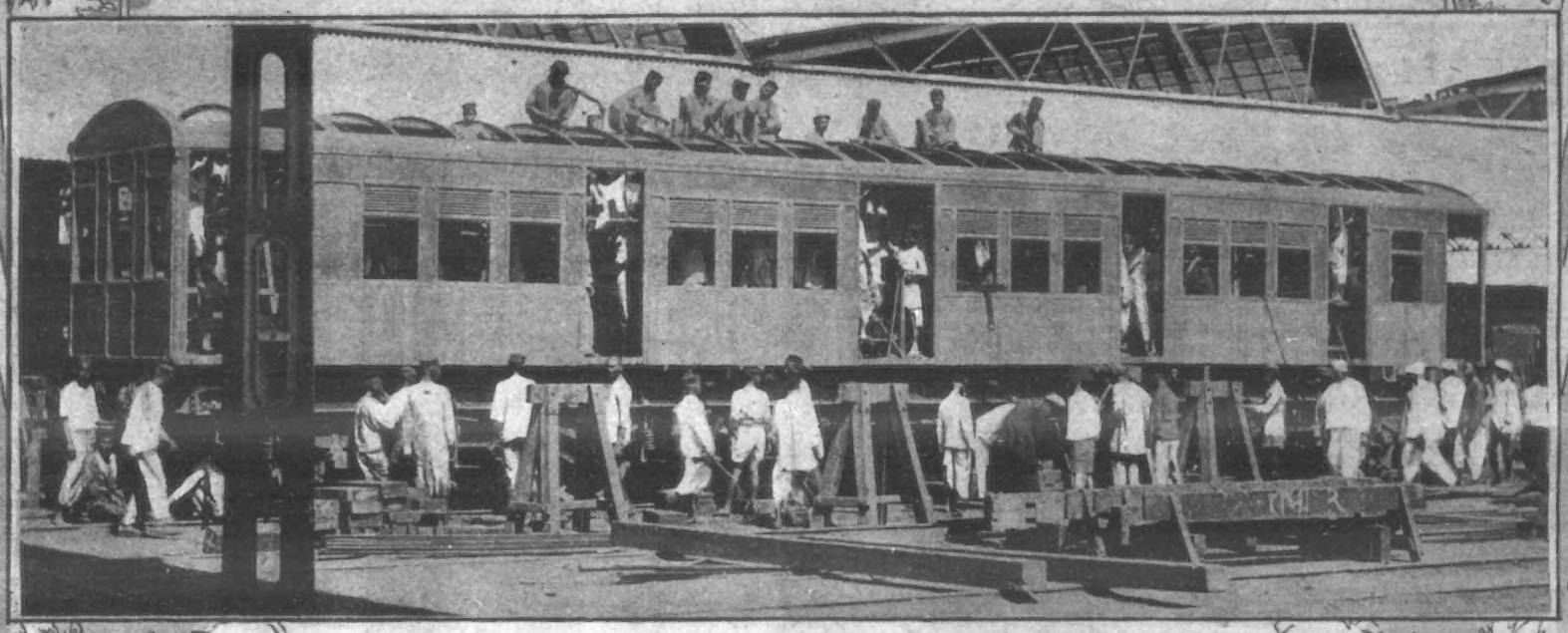


THE KING OPENS PARLIAMENT IN STATE.—The procession passing the Duke of York's Monument on last Tuesday, Feb. 12th, 1907.

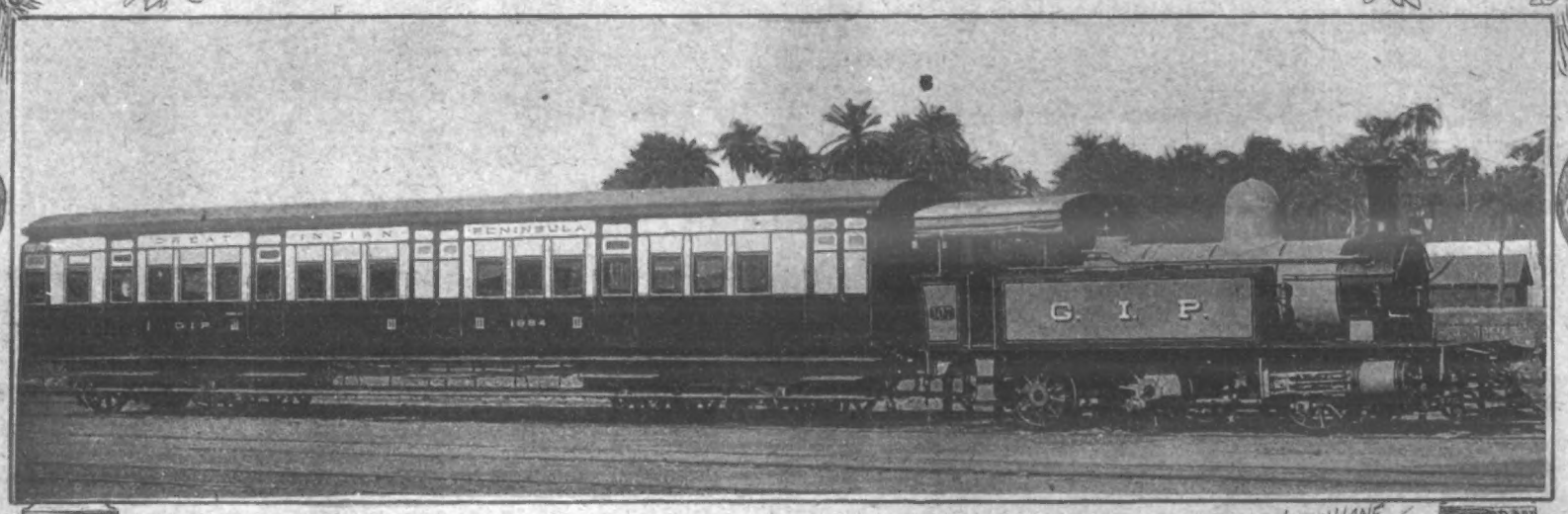
A TRAIN BUILT IN 40 HOURS!



① READY TO START.



② THE WORK IN FULL SWING.



③ FINISHED - IN FORTY HOURS!

HARRY LANE. 07

A RAILWAY RECORD.

Speaking of railway records, or records of any description for that matter, one is loth to associate them with India, but rather with Great Britain or America. Notwithstanding, a most interesting and noteworthy record was recently established at the Parel Works of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway—the more interesting because it was created entirely by native labour—slow at the best of times. It constituted the building of a composite bogey railway coach in forty hours! All who have any idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking will admit it to be one the railway officials might well be proud of. The first photograph depicts the men and material en masse, ready to make the start. It will be noticed that not only was the timber for the respective component parts delivered in its rough state, but also that the bogies and steel underframe had to be built. Of course, while the engineers were fitting the bogies and underframe the carpenters were busy constructing the body, doors, seats, and window frames; and upholsterers were engaged on blinds and other incidental fittings. The circumstances which prompted the record were due to the fact that the officials required a special trailing coach in unusual time, and the expedient of attempting a record was hit upon in order to expedite delivery.

THE FIFTH EXTRA.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

When railways, tramcars, and motor-'buses came to the once suburban parish of Trammersham, it put off the swaddling clothes of mere parochialism and vested itself in the *toga virilis* of municipality, its parishioners became burgesses, its vestrymen councillors and aldermen in gowns trimmed with fur, and, *finis coronat opus*, Trammersham boasted a mayor who wore over his red gown—it was whispered by night as well as day—a chain of gold.

Correspondingly with this expansion of its importance, local politics, which in Trammersham had been a matter of comparative indifference, assumed a vitality and a keenness, a depth and a breadth, amazing to such as had known the place in its suburban and parochial days, and thereby hangs this tale.

The Hammonds and the Skiffinses had never, so to speak, hit it off nicely in all the history of those (in Trammersham) well-known families. Mr. Henry Hammond, more generally known as Old 'Arry (in contradistinction to his son, Henry Hammond, junior, otherwise Young 'Arry), carried on a thriving business as a gas fitter and plumber, and was looked on in the Council as one of the leaders known as the "Old Gang."

It was Old 'Arry's pride that his life had been bound up in the interests of Trammersham and its affairs, and Young 'Arry's filial boast was "We 'Ammonds 'old Trammersham in the 'oller of our 'ands."

Horace Skiffins, the tower of the party known as the Stalwarts, was a provision merchant, and he, too, had from small beginnings blossomed into substantiality. The popularity of his bacon was extending beyond the borough bounds, his new-laid eggs had become old favourites, while his twelve-a-shilling at countless breakfast tables went with a bang. Like Jephtha, Judge of Israel he had one fair daughter whom he loved passing well, and whom he sent to a superior sort of Continental school to learn accomplishments and languages and to be finished. Poor little Phillida at first pined so dreadfully that this last end was almost assured at the beginning. She longed for the clang of the tram-bells, the penny readings, the *soirées*, and the local cricket and football club concerts of her beloved Trammersham.

But at last her exile was at an end, and Phillida set forth homeward with a joyful heart, leaving some sad ones behind her, for to know her was to love her.

It happened that, just at the time of her return to it, Trammersham was convulsed with one of those crises which form the landmarks of the history of communities.

The last election of borough councillors had been the closest thing Trammersham had ever known. Several of the wards returned three of the Old Gang and three Stalwarts, and the aggregate result of the poll was seventeen Stalwarts as against nineteen of the Old Gang.

And now the question agitating its Council and absolutely galvanising the Skiffinses and the Hammonds was, who would be mayor for the ensuing year: Horace Skiffins or Henry Hammond, senr.? Would Mrs. Hammond or Mrs. Skiffins be entitled to the dignity and status of mayoress?

While one section of the borough cheered for "'Orris," another clamoured for "Old 'Arry." The Old Gang had actually lost its majority owing to Benjamin Fuzzby's asthma tyrannically holding him a prisoner to his room whence Mrs. Fuzzby declined to let him stir for all the "the hambitious 'Arry 'Ammonds and 'Orace Skiffinses in Trammersham."

The first delight of returning to the desirable villa residence her father had raised out of eggs and butter over, Phillida felt a pang at her gentle heart to find that return overshadowed by a matter of paramount interest. She hated politics as strenuously as her gentle nature was capable of hating anything, and all the more because many companions she in earlier days had loved were on what her parents called the other side. Minnie Morris, who had been her bosom friend at Miss Wilkins' Academy, was not to be invited to tea because her father had, in a Council debate, called Phillida's "a tin-pot Brutus penny plain tuppence coloured," Ethel Hopkinson, too, was to be cold-shouldered because her father was the principal supporter of Mr. Hammond for the mayoralty. Never had poor litle Phillida more fervently breathed the words: "Confound their politics!"

But before the new mayor, let him be a Hammond or a Skiffins, Old Ganger or Stalwart, came in, the Worshipful William Bilkins, Esq., J.P. (*ex-officio*) meant to duly maintain his own dignity and that of the chair he so completely filled, and to this end the *élite* of Trammersham were invited to a *Soirée Dansante* at the Town Hall.

"Now, Phillida, remember," said Mrs. Skiffins, surveying as much of herself as the cheval glass could reflect, "your pa's a public man. He's what they call a pillar of the party, and as his daughter you'll make yourself agreeable to the members of the party."

"One does that at all parties, mother," stammered Phillida, exasperating her mother to—— "Oh! drat the girl! I wish they'd include sense in your extras. When I say the party I mean the political party your father leads in Trammersham; and mind, miss, you're not to be too agreeable to the other party."

"How shall I know them, mother? Do they wear badges like the cycling clubs, or favours, as at election time?"

Mrs. Skiffins scanned her daughter in stony silence, wondering was it stupidity or impertinence, then consoling herself with the reflection that, being a Skiffins, it was doubtless the former.

On the eventful night the Town Hall was a blaze of light, a whirl of music, gaiety, and laughter.

The lull as the Skiffinses entered the Council Chamber, which served as the reception-room, though ascribed by her parents to the appearance of the potential mayor and mayoress elect, was in no small measure due to the advent of Phillida herself, for from all present there arose as she entered demurely on her father's arm a murmur of agreeable interest, and the Stalwarts for once concurred with the Old Gang in murmuring: "What a sweet girl!" "How pretty!" "Isn't she a dainty picture!"

Mr. Henry Hammond, junior, his back to the entrance, was in the midst of a circle of listeners, engaged in his favourite occupation of what he called "hammering home the argument." "Mark my words," he declared, "let that old self-seekin' upstart of a Skiffins get the upper hand in our Council, an'——"

"Councillor, Mrs., and Miss Skiffins!" shouted the town beadle. Mr. Hammond turned his head muttering: "Talk of a cert'in party an'—— What a 'eavenly gel!"

Not unnaturally Phillida was greeted by a host of friends, and for once in that Council Chamber partisanship was relegated to a back seat by a dainty maiden's charm and freshness. When Minnie Morris skipped across the room and kissed her on both cheeks, Phillida neither remembered nor cared what Minnie's father had called her own, and it would have required a nature wholly different from hers to have cold-shouldered the Ethel Hopkinson who hugged her, crying: "You dear; you're not changed a bit, only prettier than ever!"

They elected to sit it out in the supper-room, where they chatted to their hearts' content.

Dancing commenced. Phillida's heart was as full of joy as her programme, her feet were as light as her heart—and she seemed to dance with both.

It was observed that Mr. Henry Hammond, junior's, brow was dark, and that his spirit seemed ill at ease. He wandered round the ball-room with a rolling eye more suggestive of a blighted being than of a prosperous young master plumber and gas-fitter.

A close observer might have noted that that eye rolled pretty constantly in the direction of a white form gyrating across the polished dancing floor.

"Whatever's the matter, Harry; aren't you well?" It was his cousin, Ethel Hopkinson, who seized his arm. "Why aren't you dancing?"

"I ain't a dancin' man," he replied moodily. "I've neither time nor inclination for such frivolity."

"But you used to, before you took up with those wretched politics," replied Ethel. "Oh, Harry! Have you seen Phillie Skiffins? She's grown such a dear! Look! Here she comes! Phillie! Phillida, dear! You remember my cousin Harry? Harry, this is Miss Skiffins."

It was done. Somehow the cloud lifted at once from the young politician's brow. He murmured: "'Ighly delighted," and returned the smiling inclination with a bow that could not have been more impressive had Phillida been the daughter of an Old Gang mayor. A thrill ran through those who witnessed the historic incident. It was as though a Richard Cromwell within Whitehall should make his obeisance to Charles Stuart's daughter Mary, or the younger Charles beseech a minuet of one of Cromwell's daughters, parties and place to scale. Mr. Hammond, looking into those dancing eyes, lost all his characteristic assertiveness, and stammered like a schoolboy:

"May I have the—er—pleasure of a dance?"

"I'm afraid I haven't one," said Phillida with a glance at her card. And just at that psychological moment, on the number stand appeared, as if by magic, one welcome word—"Extra."

"Have you booked this, too?" asked Mr. Hammond eagerly, and, Phillida shaking her head in a smiling negative, he still more eagerly offered his arm at an impressive angle. Excitement intensified; an audible "Well! I never!" filled the room. The bulwarks of the Stalwarts glared at the daughter of their chief whirling round enfolded in the arms of an inveterate opponent; the Old Gang glowered as they groaned: "Look at Young 'Arry waltzin' with that gel of old 'Orace's; what will Old 'Arry say?"

Mrs. Hammond almost dropped her ice as with a chill she saw her hope and pride, reversing all the traditions of her father's party, in perfect step with that Skiffins girl. "'Enery," in a hollow whisper she exclaimed, "look at our 'Arry!" And the leader of the Old Gang glared through the opening into the ball-room with an expression neither parliamentary nor strictly municipal in its nature.

"What a 'eavenly waltz!" murmured Mr. Hammond, junior, when, all too soon, it ended. "Have you promised the other extras?"

"Not yet," said Phillida. "I always reserve them, in case someone I like comes along after the rush."

"Then may I? Oh, do please say 'Yes'! May I have the rest of the extras?" So earnest was the pleading, not only of his lips but his eyes, that Phillida had answered "Yes" before she knew it.

She had been so happy that she took no notice of her mother's coldness. "Couldn't you find anybody else to dance with but that young upstart?" her father grunted. And Phillida, surprised, replied: "Nobody who waltzes quite so well, pa." And just then, fortunately, another partner sailed up to bear her from the zone of parental displeasure.

"Bert!"

At the sound of the familiar voice Mr. Herbert Spingles, Master of the Ceremonies and "*Proprietor of Spingles' Pink String Band*," turned with a genial: "Cheero, 'Arry!"

"I want a word with you," said Mr. Hammond, junior, and Mr. Spingles, alert to business interests, replied eagerly: "What—about the cricket club dance?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Hammond vaguely. "What I want to know first is, how many more extras are there to-night?"

"Two—one end of first part, the other just before the wind-up galop," said Mr. Spingles.

"Two!" said Mr. Hammond. "There's got to be four or five."

"Four! Never heard of such a thing! Want to keep 'em here all night?"

"It's this," said Mr. Hammond. "If there's four more extras, Bert, you get the job for the cricket club dance; if there ain't, you don't. If there's five, you get the cycling club Cinderellas in the bargain. Now, take it or leave it!"

Mr. Spingles paused irresolutely, and murmured something about his reputation being at stake.

"My happiness is at stake!" blurted out Mr. Hammond, junior. "Now, Bert, be a pal; think of old times!"

Mr. Spingles thought of them; he thought, too, of those to come—of the cricket club dances and the cycling Cinderellas. "Righto!" he murmured, gripped Mr. Hammond's hand, and vanished.

Everybody was surprised at the second extra being advanced so early in the programme. Still more surprise was expressed when Mr. Hammond, with a cheerful "Ours, I think," bore Phillida off beneath the very gaze—one might say the very astounded gaze—of her parents.

But when a very little later, and hours earlier than contemplated, the stand announced "Third Extra," surprise gave way to amazement. Mr. Spingles' own Pink String Band were astounded. Mr. Spingles himself evaded inquiries by disappearing into the rate-collector's office.

"'Enery," said Mrs. Hammond, "there's more in this than meets the eye. There's our 'Arry dancing with Miss Skiffins for the third time." And maternal pride compelled the comment: "An' there ain't a pair can waltz like 'em in all the room."

That third extra ended, sundry of the *jeunesse dorée* of Trammersham remarked sarcastically: "Now perhaps we shall get on with the regular programme." And for a while they did. Waltzes and Lancers came in their due number, and something like calm was being restored when of a sudden there appeared in the number-stand the announcement:

"*FOURTH EXTRA.*"

"If that young Hammond comes and asks for Phillie for this dance, I shall say right out she's danced too much, and I shan't let her," snapped Mrs. Skiffins, and her nominal lord and master approved of the decision, adding that he believed there was some deep political design in Mr. Hammond's action. But Phillida had not returned from the refreshment-room, whither her last partner had taken her for some coffee, when

(*Continued on page 108.*)

ARE YOU IN THE DANGER ZONE?

NAVAL GUNS CAN BE SIGHTED FOR ACCURATE FIRING

12 inch	GUNS UP TO ABOUT	14000	YARDS
9.2 "	"	12000	"
6 "	"	10000 to	12000
4.7 "	"	8000	
12 pounder	"	8000	

Rob't M. Smith

THE SHELL THAT CAME ASHORE AT SELSEY!

It is so many years since the inhabitants of Great Britain have slept uneasily in their beds for fear of invasion, that the recent mishap at the little village of Selsey has made the people of our coast towns look towards the seas from which the shells of an enemy might come. Towns inland, in and beyond the "Danger Zone" of our map, would suffer, too. In peace a shell has nearly caused havoc. What would happen in war? Our photographs depict "The Fisherman's Joy," owned by Mr. W. A. Smith, whose brother was knocked down by the shock of the impact; also men digging for the missile, and the actual shell being cleaned for inspection. The two last-named photographs are by Carter, Worthing.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Another disappointment for England. It was hoped by the admirers of the "Rose" that, after the draw with the South Africans, the performances of the English Rugby teams in the regular international matches would bring an improvement on that shown in recent years. But at Dublin last Saturday it was again demonstrated that if certain of our players are capable of holding their own with opponents, others provide weak spots. The two Devon half backs were not powerful enough to cope with the strong Irishmen, and, moreover, the centre three-quarters of England were none too safe in defence. On the other hand, the forwards held their own fairly well in the first half, and in the second moiety they performed finely. Jackett at full back was almost faultless, his perfectly cool style contrasting vividly with some of his *confrères'* erratic movements.

Ireland were no less than fourteen points up at half-time—a score which spelt victory. Though having the better of affairs in the second half, England never really looked like wiping out the disastrous effect of their moderate play in the opening stages, and in the end were beaten by seventeen points to nine. Green was not a success as captain, his "winging" proving to be anything but efficacious. One looks with no confidence to the game with Scotland, and the Calcutta Cup may again slip from England's grasp.

All the first division League clubs were engaged last Saturday, and only one home team suffered defeat. Eight teams secured the full points on their own grounds, and in the other match the result was a draw. It is quite the fashion now for clubs to expect reverses away from home, excepting in cases where their rivals are amongst the ruck. Of course, there are exceptions to the general rule; Tottenham Hotspur supply an outstanding illustration of this. The reason is difficult to divine.

Woolwich Arsenal are not meeting with that success which rewarded their efforts in the first weeks of the season, and their latest conquerors—Liverpool—scored four goals against them at Anfield Road. The Plumstead men appeared quite unable to give their proper showing on the muddy ground; yet they had more of the play than the score would indicate.

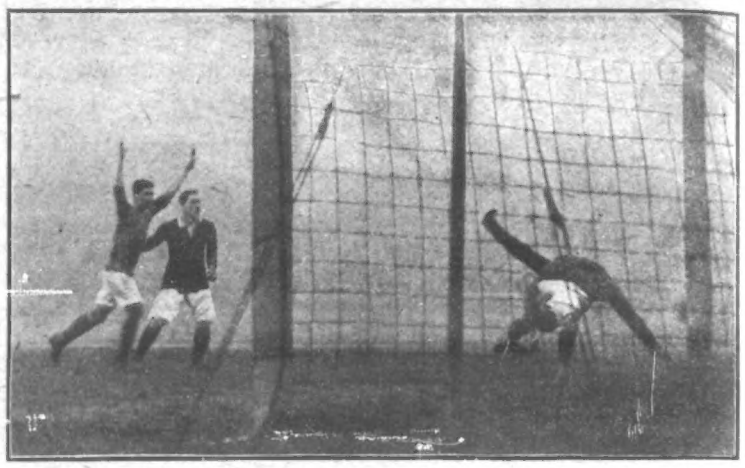
Newcastle United continue at the head of the table with a total of thirty-eight points to thirty-five by Everton, and as they have a match in hand their position is very strong. They had Bury for opponents at St. James's Park, and beat the "Shakers" by 3 goals to 2—a result which reflects as much credit on the losers as on the victors. Everton went under to Bristol City by 2 goals to 1, and the Westerners are now fifth in the League list.

Sheffield United were at home to Sunderland, and the Bramall Lane team won by 3 goals to 2. This was fairly heavy scoring for a League game, but at Burnden Park the Bolton Wanderers ran up five goals against Blackburn Rovers' two, while at Aston the Villa scored the extraordinary number of 8 goals to 1 against Sheffield Wednesday, after the teams had been level at one goal each. This was the sensational game of the series. Eight goals to one is a score that requires a lot of explaining away by the Sheffielders, to whom the result was a bitter pill.

Happily scenes of rowdyism are rare "nowadays," but a disgraceful incident happened at Nottingham on Saturday, when Mr. Farrants, the referee, was subjected to opprobrium by many of the spectators, while others went to the length of assaulting the official and the police who were protecting him. A great deal of the bother was caused by Montgomery, the Notts full back, being ordered off the field. What the upshot will be remains to be seen. The result of the match was a draw of 2 goals each. Manchester City beat Preston North End by 3 goals to 1; Middlesbrough beat Derby County by 4 goals to 1; while Manchester United got the better of Stoke by a like margin.

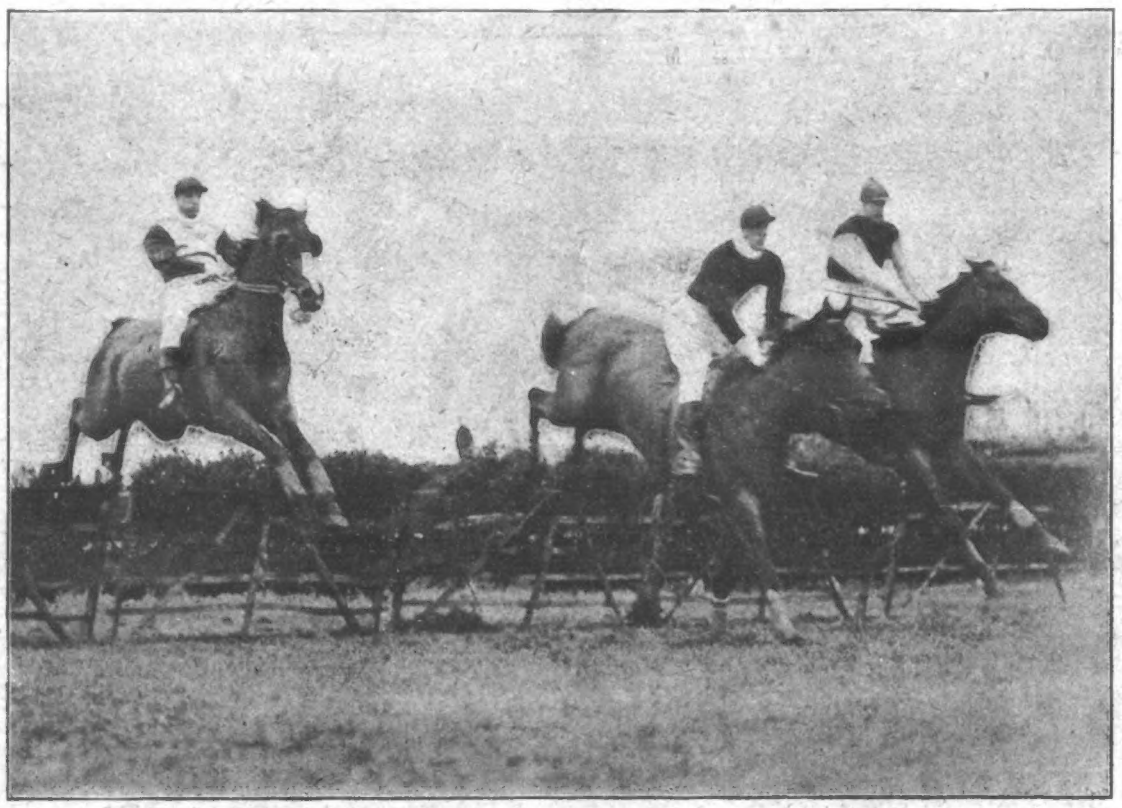
The most notable game in the second division was at Stamford Bridge, where a surprise was forthcoming in the shape of a defeat administered to Chelsea by Notts Forest, who won by 2 goals to nil. Still, Chelsea had little luck. Clapton Orient drew with West Bromwich Albion, each side scoring one goal, at Homerton, and Leicester Fosse lost at Wolverhampton by 1 goal to nil. All these results are likely to have a bearing on the ultimate placings at the head of affairs.

In the Southern League much surprise was caused by what was practically a team of Tottenham Hotspur reserves who went to the Crystal Palace and defeated the conquerors of Newcastle and Fulham. True, the margin was only 1 goal to nil, but that was sufficient to annex a couple of points, and also to show that the 'Spurs' reserves are a powerful lot. Oxford University found that to be the case on Monday, when the Hotspur "juniors" beat the Dark Blues by 4 goals to 1, while the first team were defeating Blackburn Rovers in the second replay of their English Cup tie, the score in favour of the 'Spurs being 2 goals to 1.



CHELSEA v. NOTTS FOREST: Linacre, the Notts goalkeeper, concedes a corner after a narrow save.

Fulham again displayed weakness in front of goal when opposed to Leyton, and it was only by the greatest piece of luck that they succeeded in drawing at one goal each. A very poor game at Brentford—unfortunately marred by accidents—ended in a goalless draw with West Ham. At North Greenwich Southampton were trounced by Millwall to the extent of 4 goals to nil, while Watford, at Plymouth, proved too good for Argyle by 2 goals to 1. At Portsmouth another surprise was forthcoming, for Queen's Park Rangers drew at 2 "all." Brighton only scraped through by a goal against Reading; New Brompton defeated Northampton by 3 goals to 1, and Luton gained an easy win over Swindon by 6 goals to 2.



HURST PARK RACES: Walton Hurdle Race, the Second Jump.

CHELSEA v. NOTTS FOREST: Heading to the Wing.

Oxford and Cambridge play their "Soccer" match next Wednesday (February 20th) at the Queen's Club. I have seen several of their trial games, and, if form goes for anything at all, I anticipate a comfortable win for Cambridge. In some of their early games the Cantabs were not seen to advantage, but they have come along wonderfully, and are now quite a good-class side. Their forwards are all fast and clever, besides being dependable when near goal, which is more than can be said of the Oxford quintette. Still, apparent certainties are frequently upset in 'Varsity contests, and Oxford have played really well at times. Will they rise to the great occasion?

HOCKEY AND LACROSSE.

While neither of the Universities could indulge in hockey owing to the grounds being unfit, the lacrosse teams of Oxford and Cambridge were engaged, the former routing Coventry by 16 goals to nil, while the Light Blues went under to Catford by 9 goals to 6. It is to be hoped that the weather conditions will be more congenial for the inter-'Varsity hockey match, which, maybe by some mischance, has been fixed for the same day as the football match at Queen's. Sunbridge Park, Bromley, is the venue for next Wednesday's game. A little luck may turn the tide either way, but the superiority of the Cambridge forwards will probably pull the Light Blues through. It is singular that the brothers Robinson figure in corresponding positions on the rival sides, "L. M." playing half back for Cambridge, and "J. Y." for Oxford.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

There was very little of importance attaching to athletic events last Saturday, the reason being that the cross country championships are at hand, and, as every athlete knows, it is not desirable to put men to a severe ordeal a week before the all important events. Such contests as there were had no bearing on the big races, but they had an interest of their own.

One of our oldest cross-country clubs, the Thames Hare and Hounds, have long ceased to indulge in championship contests other than their own. Last week-end they decided their long-distance challenge cup competition, over a course of a trifle more than eight miles, at Roehampton. The holder of the trophy was J. L. Clondesley, and he again ran splendidly. He was an easy winner in 48min. 44sec.—very good time considering the heavy going. There was the usual sealed handicap in connection with the chief event, G. Barker, who had a start of 4min., being the victor.

The return cross-country match between the Queen's Park Harriers and Slough Harriers took place at Neasden over a course five miles in length. Queen's Park won by twenty-nine points, and they had four men in the first six, the winner, A. E. Darby, being a member of the successful club.

In the Midland Counties Cross-Country Association's handicap—which had been postponed from Jan. 12th owing to the runners following a wrong course—A. Arblaster was first man home, his start being 1min. 15sec. The Birchfield man was followed by F. Humphries (Walsall Harriers), who occupied 5min. 45sec. in covering the eight miles, and E. Barnes, of the Derby and County Harriers, was third. The event was decided at Walsall, to which town Arblaster was formerly attached in running circles. He won the junior cross-country championship of the Midlands when a member of the Walsall A.C., and is now recognised as one of the best in the kingdom. It is almost certain that he will get a place in the Birchfield's team for the National championship. W. H. Day (scratch) and J. C. Wigginton (30sec.) were disqualified last Saturday for taking the wrong course.

The Thames Valley Harriers' eight miles handicap was run at Isleworth. G. W. Fowles (25sec.) was first past the judges; A. J. Cooper immediately followed him, and J. Zuill was next best. The Scottish Western championship was decided at Glasgow, the Motherwell Y.M.C.A. being the victors with a score of 104 points. A. MacPhee, of Paisley, was first man home. The entry of twenty-two clubs was a record.

THE EXPLOSION AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

£40,000 Damage.

When Woolwich was awakened by the noise and reverberation of an explosion, no one questioned the cause of it. Only one explanation was possible—there had been an explosion at the Arsenal. That fact was patent. The veriest child knew that the trembling of the earth and the shattering of windows meant, but there were other things that were not so obvious. Had lives been lost? If so, how many? Was there further danger, or was the worst over? It was almost with a feeling that a miracle had happened that Woolwich sat down to breakfast, for it was known by then that, although great damage had been done to property, Government and private, death and injury had not followed.

As yet the full extent of the damage is not known, but it is estimated that it will take fully £20,000 to make good the Research Department. This is, of course, a serious matter, but it does not agitate the people of Woolwich nearly as much as the question as to whether the Government will hold themselves responsible for damage caused to private property.

Football Club's Losses.

Another property severely damaged is that of the Arsenal Football Club, and it was feared at first that the coming fixtures would be interfered with. Fortunately, however, this will not be the case. The stand is seriously damaged, much of the roof having been torn off by the force of the explosion, and the whole building will have to be thoroughly overhauled before the public can use it. Apart from this, the playing pitch, which is now littered with *débris*, will have to be cleared.

Police Prevent Looting.

The hour of the explosion has much to do with the fortunate absence of loss of life, for at 3.20 a.m.—the time of the explosion—there were naturally few people about. The only officials in the neighbourhood of the explosion, so far as is known, were Sergeant Payser and Constable Clark, who were on night duty at the gate in Plumstead Park. Both are reported to be suffering from shock, but they must have had the narrowest of escapes. Despite the earliness of the hour, a force of police was at once detached to guard all damaged shops, for at such a time the danger of looting was considerable. Even as it was a man, attired only in shirt and trousers, was discovered tampering with the window of a jeweller's shop. A chase followed, but the man contrived to escape.

A Remarkable Escape.

A signalman named Raspberry, who was on duty at a signal cabin on the Erith side of Plumstead Station when the explosion occurred, was almost blinded by a terrific flash which was followed by a deafening roar. He was surrounded at once by pieces of glass from the broken windows which were carried towards him by a violent gust of wind. How the man escaped serious injury is a miracle.

Some Personal Accounts.

Edmund Christer, the resident inspector at Plumstead Station, stated to a *Daily Telegraph* representative that he was sleeping on the premises on Sunday night. He was awakened by his French windows being burst in, and the curtains were torn down. He saw a flare, and a moment afterwards there was a second explosion. He thought there had been a collision on the railway immediately beneath his windows.

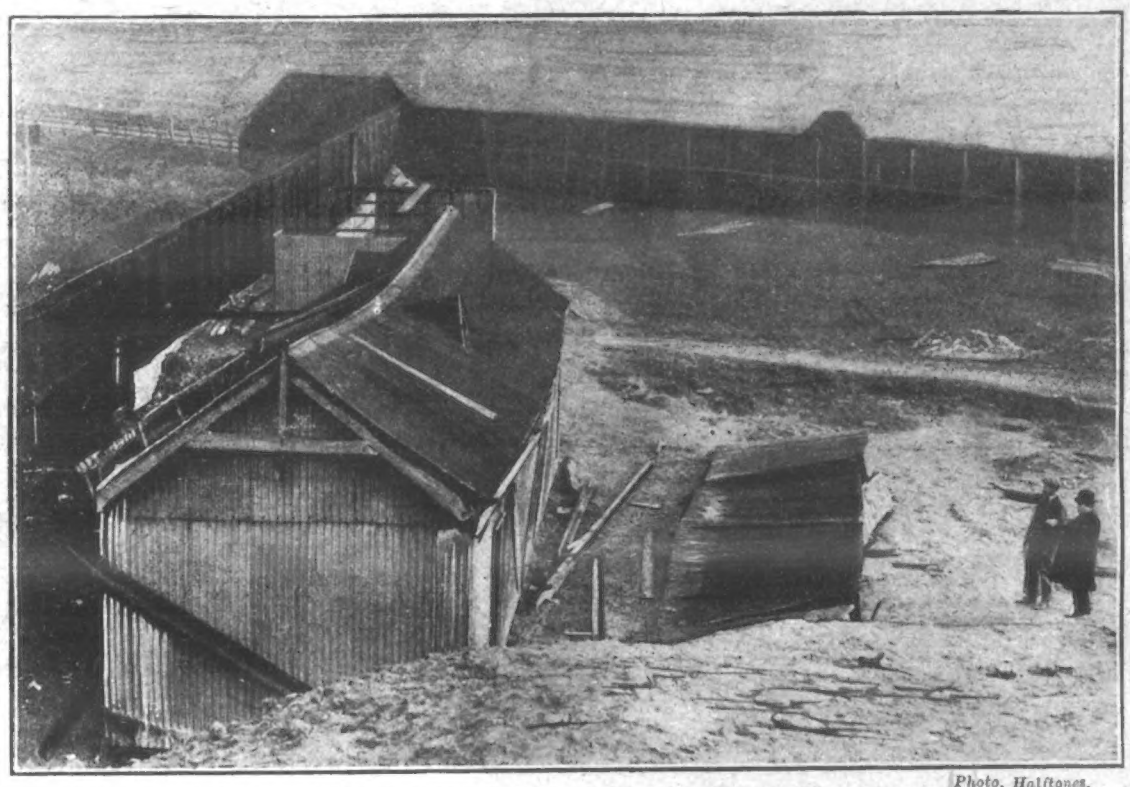
Mrs. Reed, of 3 Station Terrace, related how, as one of the results of the explosion, 10 square feet of ceiling fell on her husband, who was asleep. The first flash and report caused Mrs. Reed to imagine that there was a heavy thunderstorm, but the second flash was so vivid and three his wife asked him to go downstairs to get something for their child, and as he was returning to the room he saw the explosion. The flame was "salmon red." His wife was nearly pitched out of bed. A second child sleeping in another back room with a servant was "nearly smothered" with glass from the broken windows. The house has an ominous crack in it all down one side. The violence of the explosion may be estimated from the damage done to a looking-glass, which was torn from the pivots on which it swung and thrown across the room.

Photo, Halftones.

DAMAGE TO PRIVATE PROPERTY: Houses and shops in the vicinity of the Arsenal suffered great damage. Our photo shows some shops with their plate glass windows blown out.

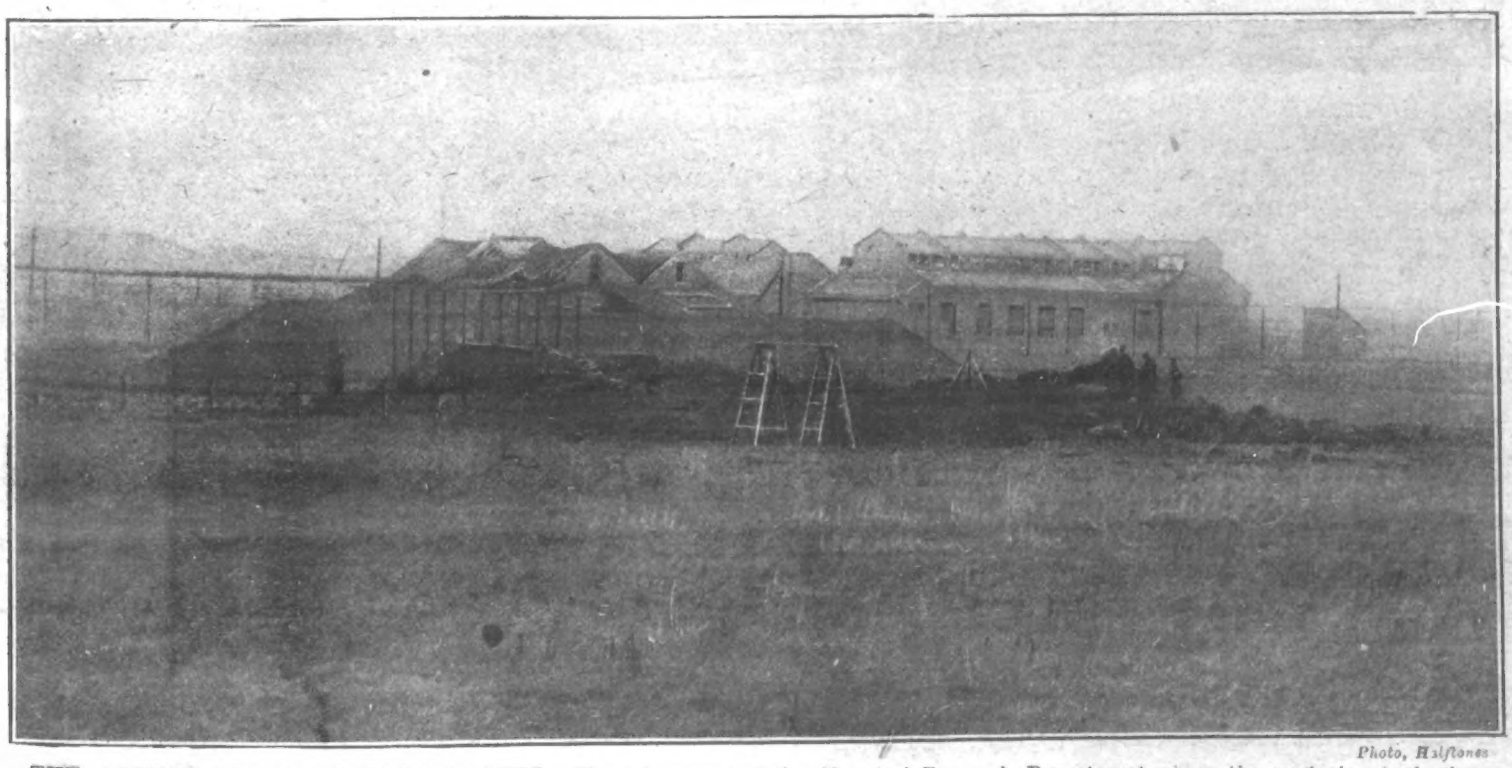
Mr. Holby, a hairdresser, of Station Terrace, said he slept in a back room looking over the Arsenal ground, in a direct line with the magazine. At twenty minutes past three his wife asked him to go downstairs to get something for their child, and as he was returning to the room he saw the explosion. The flame was "salmon red." His wife was nearly pitched out of bed. A second child sleeping in another back room with a servant was "nearly smothered" with glass from the broken windows. The house has an ominous crack in it all down one side. The violence of the explosion may be estimated from the damage done to a looking-glass, which was torn from the pivots on which it swung and thrown across the room.

Mrs. Reed, of 3 Station Terrace, related how, as one of the results of the explosion, 10 square feet of ceiling fell on her husband, who was asleep. The first flash and report caused Mrs. Reed to imagine that there was a heavy thunderstorm, but the second flash was so vivid and lasted so long that she told her husband that there was an explosion at the Arsenal. Having five sons working in the Government service there she was alarmed for their safety until she recollected that no men were on duty early Monday morning. In another room in the house a window was blown on to a daughter's bed, and a large quantity of the ceiling also fell in. The gas meter downstairs was torn from the wall, and the back door, which had been left locked and bolted, was forced open.



Photo, Halftones.

HOW THE NEAREST BUILDING SUFFERED: One of the buildings on the Woolwich Arsenal Football Ground, well known by visitors to Woolwich as a refreshment bar. Our photograph shows the damage done to the roof and front by the explosion.



Photo, Halftones.

THE ACTUAL SCENE OF THE DISASTER: The laboratory of the Chemical Research Department where the explosion took place. Thirty seconds after the terrific report nothing remained of a massive stone building but a hole in the ground.

SMALL FARMING SPECIALISED.

That is what, we insist, will be the best aim of everyone who can get hold a bit of land. To work it so that his every crop and every product will fit in to cheapen feed and labour, and to keep up the output of the land to its utmost both in crop and in rapid rotation. Such handling will always afford the maximum of farmyard manure. By such methods there will always be something to go to the market with every week. Intensive culture is given several definitions. This is the best one we know of—viz., to turn over three times at least as much upon the place by specialising and making things fit in as the ordinary farmer does on his holding.

As a case in point, take two small farms side by side—each about 15 acres. Upon one there are autumn sown crops of tares, winter oats, and wheat occupying half the area. Upon the other there is not a rod under plough; the tenant depends on cows and their milk. No. 1 turns over four times as much money in the year. He has four times as much value on the place at any period. He will have root crops to supplement his straw and corn, so as to enable him to fatten six or seven young cattle and twenty or thirty pigs, where his neighbour is obliged to sell his calves and his skim milk as well in order to make ends meet. Or, if he must keep pigs, he will have everything to buy for them. No. 1 stall feeds; No. 2 grazes. No. 1's land, if freed for meadow, would turn off 2 tons to the acre; No. 2's would not yield three-quarters of a ton. It is not a case of capital and no capital, not even from the first. They both got on to their holdings somehow. They might both have run in the same groove all along. But look how they differ! One stands at value £300 to the other £100, only to buy out. How much each has put by it is scarcely as difficult to estimate.

DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

PICTURES OF

THAW IN THE TOMBS: Our photograph, obtained specially from New York, shows the Great Tombs Prison, where Harry K. Thaw, on trial for the murder of Stanford White, spends the hours when not in court.—Photo by Baine, New York.

THE LATE LADY CADOGAN: At Culford Hall, Earl Cadogan's seat near Bury St. Edmunds, the death of the Countess Cadogan occurred last week. Lady Cadogan was one of the most popular "Vice-Reines" of Ireland. She was a noted rider, and followed hounds most daringly.—Photo, Baker & Muggeridge.

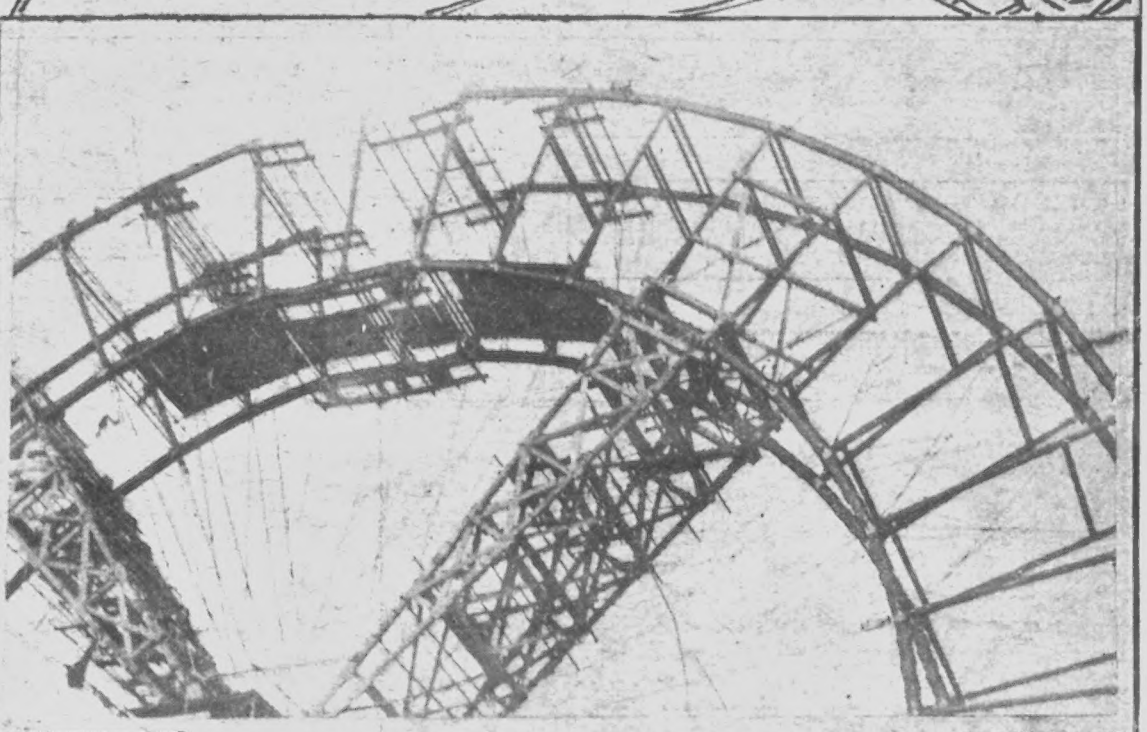
GIRL'S DARING FEAT: Miss Elsie Heins, who, accompanied by her father, Mr. Councillor Ernest Heins, pluckily ascended the steeple of All Saints Church, Hereford, 260 feet high, despite the fact that a gale was raging.

THE MUD MARCH OF THE SUFFRAGETTES: Our [illegible] in the centre are three notable leaders of the movement—Lady [illegible] procession [illegible]

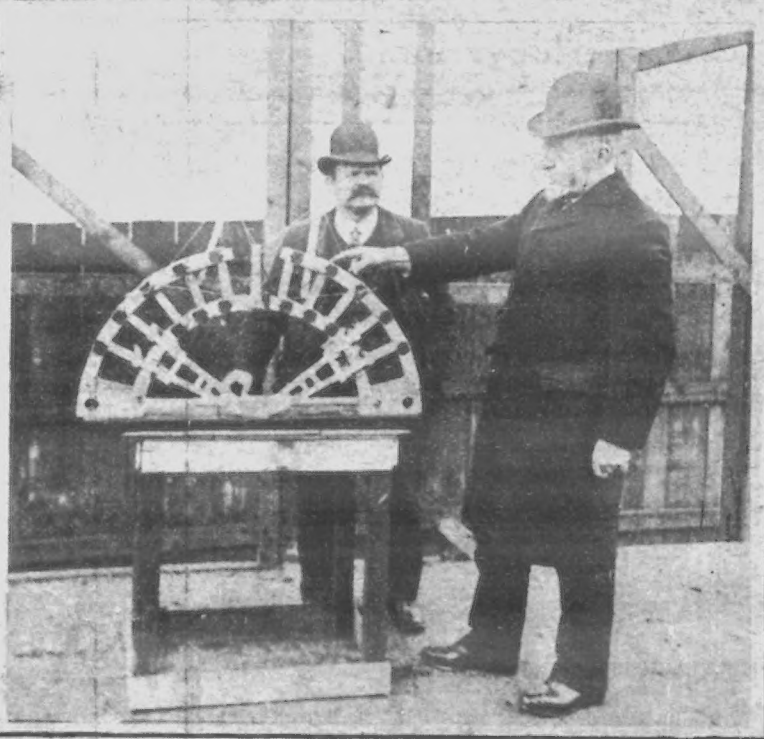
& PEOPLE INTEREST

THE LADY OF THE MUD HUT: At Bulphan, a little village near Grays, in Essex, an old woman named Mrs. Richards has erected a little hut of mud and sticks, and lives there with only her ducks and chickens for company. The authorities have already condemned the unique dwelling, and ejected its occupier, only to find her installed again in the hut at the first opportunity.

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE: This disused lighthouse on Portland Bill was sold by auction the other day for £405. It was described as "eminently suitable for a summer bungalow," and found a purchaser in Mr. M. W. Sparkman, of Broughton Gifford, Wiltshire.



...phs show, on the left, the procession lined up in Hyde Park; ...four, Mrs. Fawcett, and Lady Strachey; and in the third the ... Park



WHERE DANGER LIES: The work of the "demolishers" of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court is not without danger. Our picture shows the point where the danger lies, and Mr. Andrews, of W. T. Andrews & Co., explaining, by aid of a model, this point to a workman.

HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

A Secret.

A little girl was showing her aunt a drawing which she had done for a competition at school. The subject was a cow. The aunt said: "But, Kitty, this is more like a horse than a cow." "It is a horse," replied Kitty; "but don't tell teacher."—*Morning Post.*

Nursery News.

Apropos of the news that castor-oil is going up, our nursery correspondent writes that the situation is viewed with indifference. It is only when an unhealthy tone prevails and castor-oil shows signs of going down that uneasiness prevails.—*The Evening Standard.*

THE BEAR WHO ASKS FOR RUM!
Civilisation is apparently leaving its mark upon animals as well as men. Our photograph shows a bear, at Hengler's, reported to say quite distinctly:—"Give me a drop of rum."

In the Wrong Place.

Mr. Jacques, a bachelor lawyer, spent a week's holiday with a married sister, getting acquainted with her little girls. His full beard attracted their attention at first, but as "Uncle Jack" tossed the youngest up to the ceiling, the little one made a discovery.

"Oh, Uncle Jack, why don't you cut the hair from your chin and put it on top of your head?" she asked.

All in the Family.

A witness in an assault case at Blackburn told the magistrates that when he went into the house he found three of the children holding their father down while their mother "leathered" him.

A Definition of Debt.

Falling into debt is as easy as falling out of a balloon. Getting out of debt is as difficult as falling back into the balloon.—*The Reader.*

The Only Way.

A gentleman complained to his doctor recently that every time he bent forward slightly and held out his arms horizontally, waving them around in a small circle, he felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder-blade.

"Well," snorted the doctor, "why the dickens do you want to do such a contortion act?"

"How else is a man to put his overcoat on, doctor?"

It All Depends.

"After all," remarked the old bachelor, "there's no place like home."

"That's right," rejoined the married man sadly; "and there are times when I am glad of it."

School-room Humour.

Here are a few gems culled from Dr. Macnamara's book, "School Room Humour," just published:

Teacher, giving object-lesson on "Mice" to five-year-olds before H.M.I., introduces lesson by asking: "What animal is it which, when you are in bed, comes out of its hole and runs about the floor?" Five-year-old (in loud tones): "It is the li-on!"

A Boy "On the Baby."

A boy's composition "On the Baby": "A baby is a man or woman as they first enter the world, and is sometimes called a infant, and they bring plenty of joy to its parents. Babies need much care because the bones are not strong enough for the baby to be used naturally. When a baby is a few months old a malecart is wanted so as to give it some fresh air, and it as to be nursed till it can crawle about on the flour. Most women like babies very much and wouldn't do without them. When first it is born it is very teisey and begins to cry, and they are enough to make anyone mad. It also needs a lot of care, for it will enhail any disease. Baby is the pet of the family, especially mother, who if the baby is a boy he becomes her darling boy in after years. When baby is about four years old it is briched if it is a boy, but if a girl she remains in her same clothes. To look after a baby is very awkward if you ain't used to it, for they jump and kick and have to be carefully handled. It is crisined when it is old enough to eat solid food. Some babies are very tiresome, and have to be nutritiously looked after."

Teacher: "What is luke-warm water?"

Small Girl: "Water that lukes warm but isn't!"

The Terri-Belles.

Miss Pankhurst is reported as saying: "When we are opposed we are terrible." Why not a new name for the active suffragists—the terri-belles.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Quite Another Matter.

"And you say this patent burner will actually reduce one's gas bills, eh?" queried the prospective customer.

"No, you evidently misunderstood me," answered the conscientious dealer, who was trying to follow in the footsteps of the immortal Washington, "I said it would reduce the consumption of gas."

Exactly!

Long: "By the way, old man, do you remember borrowing ten shillings of me six months ago?"

Short: "Yes."

Long: "But you said you only wanted it for a short time."

Short: "And I told you the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes."

Customer: "Yes, I like that suit very much. I suppose you will make what alterations are required?"

Tailor: "Of course."

Customer: "Then please alter the price from fifty shillings to thirty."

He Told the Truth.

It was a little supper among a number of kindred spirits, and when the cloth was removed from the table nearly everyone obliged with a song except the chairman.

"As a matter of fact," he said apologetically, "my voice is somewhat like the sound that is caused by a brick being rubbed along the panels of a door."

This excuse was put down to the good-man's innate modesty.

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the chairman; "if you think you can stand it, here goes."

Long before he had finished his song the audience fidgeted in their seats, and when he sat down there was a deep silence.

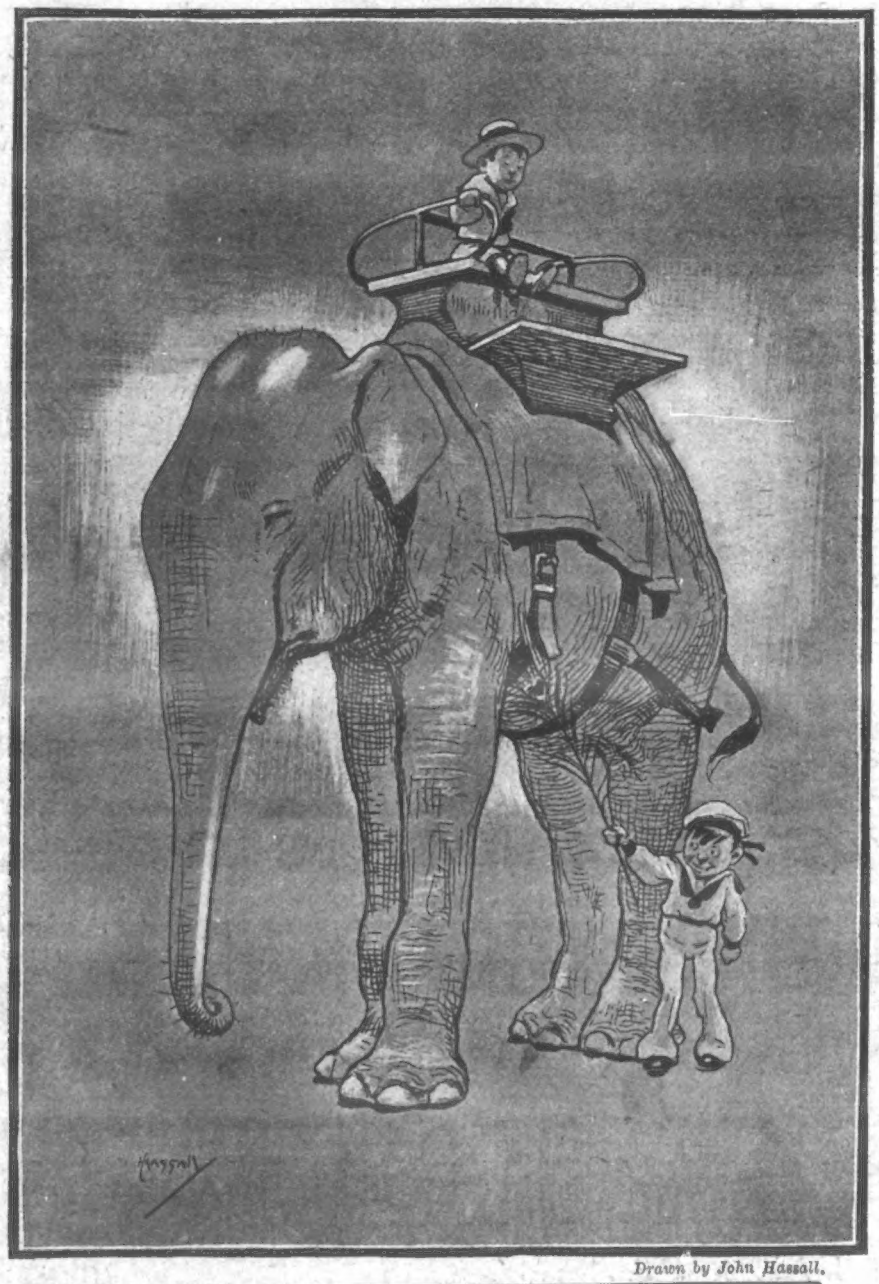
Then the hush was broken by a braw Scot at the end of the table:

"Mon," he exclaimed, "yer singing's no' up to much, but yer veracity's just awfu'. Ye were richt aboot that brick."

TICKLE! TICKLE!

Drawn by Tom Browne.

A FREE-WHEELER!
RIDING MASTER: "What on earth are you doing?"
EX-CYCLIST: "Feeling for the brake, guv'nor; I've had enough."



Drawn by John Hassall.

TOMMY (with the Teazer): "See me make 'im jump an' throw Billy orf!"

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"The Beauty of Bath" finishes its run at the Hicks' Theatre on Saturday, February 23rd. On the following Saturday, March 2nd, "My Darling," with Miss Marie Studholme in the title-part, is produced. On Monday, March 4th, Mr. Hicks and his London company open with "The Beauty of Bath" in Liverpool, and the new piece, in which Mr. Hicks and Miss Terriss make their repeats a performance instinct with womanly charm. Her rendering of the comedy passages is no less delightful than of the pathetic scenes. Mr. Frederick Kerr again invests the part of John Crewys with a welcome feeling of sincerity, while the firmness displayed by Mr. Norman McKinnel in the somewhat ungrateful character of Sir Timothy is deserving of all praise.

hall proprietors was proceeding nearly all last week.

News of the outcome of this conference is anxiously awaited, as upon the result peace or further war will most likely depend.

The one point that the strikers insist on before the strike can be settled, however, is that the National Alliance shall be recognised, regardless of the outcome of any negotiations of the Board of Conciliation.

Announcement was made last week by the National Alliance that it was going into the music-hall business on

an inch from the "master's reading" of the part.

This week Mr. George Alexander is sending a specially selected company to Hammersmith with "His House in Order," and the piece is to be given after this at most of the important suburban houses.

Miss Vesta Victoria, who is one of the greatest English variety "stars" in America, almost threw the management of the Colonial Theatre into hysterics recently, according to a New York correspondent. The patrons of that house have literally been fighting to get seats to hear her, and the crowds at every performance have entirely filled the theatre. The house was packed on one particular evening, and by a particularly turbulent gathering, the gallery contingent even going so far as to repeatedly call for Miss Victoria long before the time set for her act.

In view of this excited condition of the audience, it is not hard to imagine the feelings of the manager when Miss Victoria arrived, about an hour before the time for her to go on, with such a cold that she could scarcely speak above a whisper. "If she doesn't appear, there'll be a riot," he said, and dispatched messengers for two throat specialists.

The men of medicine came, and the comedienne submitted to having her throat sprayed and gargled and rubbed, until, after extraordinary manipulations, she was able to not only speak, but sing, although she was advised to go slowly or the hoarseness would return.

I have no doubt that all playgoers are aware that Mr. Fred Terry is very short-sighted, and off the stage wears glasses. In his earlier days, whilst playing the part of "Maynard" in the "Corsican Brothers," he had to meet Mme. de Franchi (a lady who was by no manner of means slight). The line he had to speak to her was "My dear madame, make yourself comfortable, and rest," after which he had to show her off through the door. In those days rehearsals were few and far between, and it so happened that one night the stage men put the door on the opposite side. When the time came for madame to make her exit, Mr. Terry spoke his line and was showing her off in the usual way, through the door as he thought. In spite of madame's protestations, he was forcing her, and actually made her go through what turned out to be a crack in the scenery through itr being badly joined together, the audience meanwhile being convulsed with laughter.

Photo, Dover Street Studios.

"LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: This delightful comedy has been very successfully revived at the Haymarket. The principal characters are played by Miss Compton, Mrs. Calvert, and Miss Dagmar Wiehe, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. Fred Lewis. Perhaps the greatest triumph of all is the acting of Mr. Grossmith as the dissolute, drunken Lord Huntworth. Our photo shows the vicarage garden after breakfast.

appearance in London, will be produced at the Hicks' Theatre on or about Saturday, September 14th.

A series of matinées of "Peter's Mother" will be given every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at the Comedy. Mrs. de la Pasture's pretty play has already established itself as a general favourite, and the further opportunity of witnessing it is likely to be largely taken advantage of. Fortunately, also, the principal members of the original cast remain available, and the piece, consequently, is seen under the most favourable conditions. In the title *rôle* Miss Marion Terry

"Nelly Neil" is, like all musical pieces, still in course of alteration and improvement. Much of the piece is being rewritten, and Mr. Dagnall's character of the pluralist detective is going to be split in two. Mr. Dagnall—who is to play a "detective" part in "La Belle Marseillaise" at the Duke of York's—leaves the Aldwych later on, and is to be followed by Mr. Fred Wright, who will play Donetti.

While the deadlock in the efforts to bring about peace still continues, the conference between the labour "inquiry committee" and the music-

a permanent basis, regardless of whether the strike was settled or not.

The final performance of "His House in Order" takes place at the St. James's on February 27th. Nina has had many representatives, and not the least interesting is Miss Dorothy Grimston (Mrs. Kendal's daughter), who opened at Reading on Monday in the play. Next Monday fortnight she comes to the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway. Miss Grimston, who played the "ingénue" in "A Wife Without a Smile," is an ardent Pinero student, and does not deviate

Photos, Dover Street Studios.

"LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT": Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Captain Dorvaston, Miss Polly Emery as Keziah, Mr. Crawford as the curate, with Miss Dagmar Wiehe. The Captain assists Lord Huntworth (Mr. Weedon Grossmith) from the vicarage kitchen.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Boleros and Waistcoats.

In spite of the many Empire coats and Louis Seize coats, the bolero is still with us and remains popular. It has a tendency to get shorter and some of the newest models are little more than capes or capelets, worn with a high silk belt of the same shade. Most of the little boleros have narrow waistcoats of coloured cloth let in and fastened with tiny silk or gilt buttons. Some smart serge costumes have waistcoats and trimmings of pale cinnamon-coloured suède, while, on the other hand, tartans are much to the fore.

The Uses of Ribbon.

One of the features of the present season is the extensive use of ribbon, especially for trimming. Pipings of coloured silk, tartans, and cloths run it close in favour, but ribbons in all the new plaids are excellent for piping, and make a very suitable trimming for children's frocks. The long-waisted frock is also seen decorated with a ribbon sash, and this kind of frock, made with what is known as a French body, is very becoming to little girls. In some cases the short skirt is merely a very full deep flounce gathered on to the bodice, the great aim being to ensure a smart effect by making the little frock set out well and stiffly all round.

The Fichu is Fashionable.

Fichus are coming into wear again, both for evening and smart afternoon bodices. Moreover, many of the new blouses are draped to give a fichu-like effect. The materials used for these dainty berthes and fichus are generally muslin and lace. They are universally becoming, as they tend to improve even the worst complexion, besides going far towards brightening up a shabby gown. A smart one can be made out of a combination of lace and ribbon, the ribbon arranged in a V-shape at the back, and the ends drawn over the shoulders to meet at the waist in front. The lace must be gathered on to the outer edge of the ribbon, and, of course, graduated to a suitable width, being wide over the shoulders and tapering towards the waist. If liked, this fichu might finish in front with a bow at the waist and long ends falling nearly to the hem of the skirt. On a slender girl the effect would be very graceful.

To Change the Appearance of an Evening Dress.

A fichu made of chiffon, draped gracefully around the shoulders, knotted carelessly below the bust, and finished with long ends will go far towards improving the appearance of an old ball dress. First of all, remove the old trimming from the bodice until the foundation alone remains. This will be quite enough to set to work upon, and when the fichu has been tacked in place the result ought to be very pleasing. White may be chosen, and on a coloured dress a corresponding pale tint generally looks well. Contrasts may sometimes be very successfully attempted. A pale blue chiffon fichu on a pale mauve dress, with a bunch of violets pinned into the bodice, looks extremely well, besides being very uncommon.

For Children's Wear.

Simplicity is the best keynote to strike in regard to children's wear, and they should be dressed in healthy fashion as children merely, and not as little men and women. The most charming dresses for little girls not yet in their teens ignore the wheel of Fashion altogether, and are made on lines perennially in favour namely, with a full skirt falling straight from the saddle. Smocked dresses and blouses are also very becoming to small maidens, and although smocking must be reckoned as a distinct accomplishment for the home dressmaker, yet a honeycombed yoke and cuffs is not difficult to execute, and only requires a little practice to make perfect. It is best to try the effect first on a waste piece of material, and the chief point is to have what is termed a "straight" eye, so that the folds of material may be taken evenly and the stitches placed at regular intervals. A blue serge frock looks well honeycombed in red, but with a red frock it is best to keep to the one colour.

The Linen Cupboard.

Just now is the time when the clever housewife avails herself of the opportunities afforded by the great white sales which have become such a regular feature in the early spring. Many women make a point of renewing at this season all the house furnishings necessary for the year, and on the whole it is a very good plan. Such items as dusters, glass-cloths, and kitchen-cloths last much longer when purchased by the dozen or half-dozen than when supplemented one or two at a time. The same with bath and face towels, pillow-cases, and serviettes; it is as well to have as goodly a supply as possible, and make use of them all in turn. House-linen should always be kept in a cupboard or box apart from personal linen. The articles returned from the laundry should be stored away on top, while those required for use should be drawn out from the bottom. Thus the wear and tear on all will be equally divided, as they will be taken out in strict rotation. Blankets will also be found to be a good investment just now, and will be none the worse for being slightly shop-soiled. The same with hem-stitched linen sheets and embroidered cotton ones, which are often marked at very low prices on this account. A visit to the laundry is a comparatively small expense in view of the tremendous reduction from the original cost.

Novelties for Skirt Dancing.

In considering the question of healthy exercise, dancing in the case of children and young people unquestionably holds an important place. It is of marvellous value in bestowing grace and development of the limbs, many thin children being quite transformed into sturdy ones by a year's steady training. Both step-dancing and skirt-dancing require special outfits. A silk accordion-pleated overskirt only costs a few shillings ready for wear, or the material may be purchased and easily seamed up and put into a waist-band at home. Combination sets of skirts and drawers, trimmed three flounces of lace, are priced at 12s. 11d., and black net skirts, trimmed two flounces of lace, cost 10s. 11d. White lawn skirts specially adapted for dancing cost from 1s. 11½d. to 3s. 11½d., according to whether one or two flounces of lace are required.

A charming and inexpensive costume for the coming spring

A Smart Now Underskirt.

The weather during the winter months is invariably very hard upon underskirts, which, as spring draws near, begin to present a somewhat shabby and draggled appearance. With bright skies overhead, and, it is to be hoped, dry streets and roads underfoot, many of my readers, I am sure, will wish to invest in a new petticoat. A bright moirette underskirt, price 3s. 11d., will, I think, give satisfaction for general smartness and utility. This particular model has a deep, full-shaped flounce, cross-tucked frills, and is trimmed with the new garland ruche. It has, in fact, a very exclusive style, and one which is generally only seen on the best and most expensive silk petticoats. It can be obtained in black and seven other colours.

Hints on Dry Cleaning.

Coloured silk or satin blouses or cushion covers, &c., can be effectually cleaned by strewing over them a little fine powdered French chalk and then well brushing off with a hard brush. If the first dusting is not sufficient, repeat the process. Many of my readers who have articles of fancy-work much embroidered in silver and gold will be glad of a hint for renovating and cleaning them when they have become tarnished and soiled. They may be carefully rubbed over with a clean linen rag which has been dipped into a solution of equal parts of spirits of wine and water.

THE FIFTH EXTRA.

(Continued from page 100.)

the band struck up the prelude to the fourth extra.

"Now, surely to goodness, 'Arry 'Ammond and that gel won't 'ave the face to dance this one together!" sneered one of the angered leaders of the Old Gang.

To an extent he was right, for the pair in question elected to sit it out in the supper-room where they chatted to their hearts' content—she of her school days, her gladness to return to the home and Trammersham she loved. And suddenly it dawned on them that the far-away strains had for some time changed their time and tune, that the fourth extra was over—yes, and, hurrying back to the ballroom, they discovered that the last figure of the next Lancers had ended, and Phillida's partner for them had just ceased in despair his quest for her.

"Ma will be cross," said Phillida, with a look of dismay that made her seem in Harry Hammond's eyes prettier than ever. "Fancy missing all that set of Lancers!"

"Never mind," he answered joyfully. "Look, the next is ours—fifth extra!" And his faithful friend, Bert Spingles, hurrying past, whispered: "Had to slap it in here; the next is Waltz-Galop, and then 'God Save the King.'"

That fifth extra over, "Now, miss," said Phillida's mother severely, "we'll go home."

"You'll let me see you to your carriage, Mrs. Skiffins?" said Harry Hammond cheerfully, and before the good lady was aware of it he had deftly thrown her shawl across his arm.

"I could never have believed," said Phillida's mother, leaning back in the brougham, "that that young 'Arry 'Ammond could make himself so agreeable." And, glancing at the broad facia they were just passing, she added reflectively: "Theirs is a capital business."

"Trust the Old Gang for looking after themselves," grunted the Councillor. "Asleep, Phillida?"

"Almost, dad," smiled the girl, opening her eyes. And, indeed, she had been dreaming of the refrain of that fifth extra and the words that had been whispered as they had whirled in time to it.

Alderman Hammond ere he slept that night prepared an oration which, though intended only for domestic use, would have been worthy of his greatest moments in the council chamber—a perfect mosaic of eloquence, in which were pieced and fitted such striking figures of speech as "selling the pass," "deserting to the enemy," "a municipal Samson in the meshes of a Philistine Delilah"!

Entering the room, he found his wife with her handkerchief to her eyes; seated opposite her, his son, one hand stretched across the table and laid on his mother's.

"Henry," said the Alderman, "I desire to say a few words," and his son, with the instinct born of experience, braced himself up to a spell of listening. The Alderman was proverbially "a forty minutes'" man.

Perturbed perhaps by a tearful sniff from his wife, the Alderman, in commencing his few remarks, disarranged his metaphors, and he came to Delilah quite early.

And then was stopped immediately and strenuously by a bang on the table that made the breakfast service rattle, and in a moment there was another man upon his legs.

"Mr. Alderman," his son flashed out, "I have always yielded you the respect and support due from a son to a father, and as I have done in the past so I hope to continue in the future. I have done my best, and, in the poet's words, the best can do no more; but one thing I will not do for you or anybody in the world. I will not listen to a disrespectful word alluding to the most adorable of her sex—a lady who is worthy of a King, and who it is my dearest hope and my most glorious ambition to make my wife!"

There was a silence—the calm that might precede a tempest. Ere it was over Mrs. Hammond had arisen.

"'Arry—'Enery," she said, then took their hands and placed them each in each without another word.

Whether it was quite so wonderful a coincidence as they declared it to be, it remains on record that Harry and Phillida were continually meeting, whether she happened to be making calls or shopping, and when on one such occasion he accompanied her and her mother to their very door, what could Mrs. Skiffins do but ask him to come in for a cup of tea. As the lady observed, "Politics is one thing and politeness is another," which is very often very true.

A few days later Councillor Skiffins, going home to the mid-day dinner, which he could never be prevailed upon to stultify by calling "lunch," was surprised to learn that Alderman Hammond was waiting in the library; still more so that Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Skiffins were in the drawing-room. But what amazed him most was to observe through the window Mr. Harry Hammond and Phillida together down the garden.

Instinctively he murmured: "It's like that, is it?"

"Yes," said the Alderman, "and it seems to me, Councillor, that the best thing we can do for our own happiness and theirs is to let things take their course."

"We don't often agree, Alderman," said the Councillor, "but on this point I second your motion." And they shook hands.

"I've one other thing to say," said the Alderman. "I don't believe in doing things by halves. We can't both be mayors at the same time, but we could succeed each other. Now, what do you say, I'll retire from my candidature this year and give you a clear run. Next year——"

"If you ain't Mayor of Trammersham next year, Alderman," said the Councillor, gripping hands again, "I'll eat me 'ead!"

And the Hammonds stopped to lunch.

A New Commander-in-Chief.

Last week Admiral Sir Day Hort Bosanquet succeeded Sir Archibald Douglas as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. Sir Day entered the Royal Navy in 1857, became commander in 1874, captain in 1882, rear-admiral in 1897, and vice-admiral in 1902. He has been Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and on the West Indian Station.

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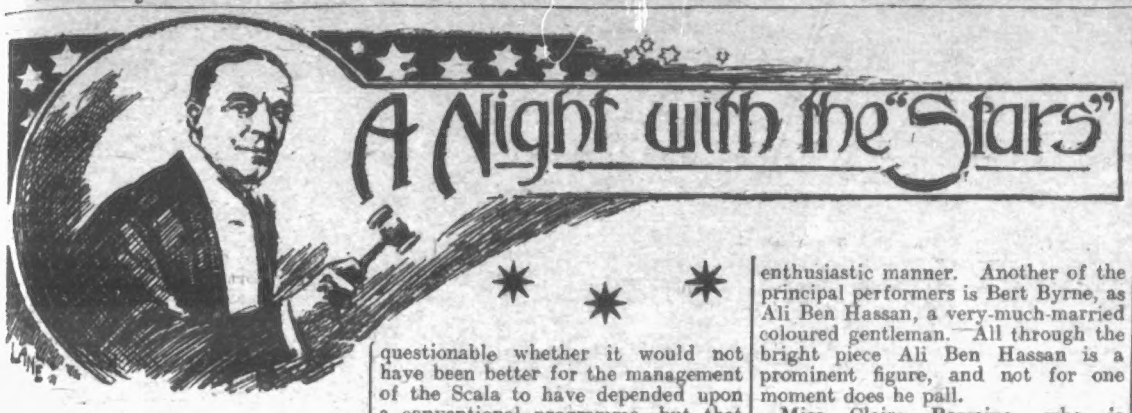


THERE was a crowd outside the Scala Theatre on Tuesday night, and another one inside. Possibly both expected some kind of demonstration, but luckily their fears proved groundless. The crowd outside behaved itself quite like an ordinary assembly, while the one inside was friendly to a man and—woman. The latter must not be forgotten, for the fair sex was strongly in evidence last night.

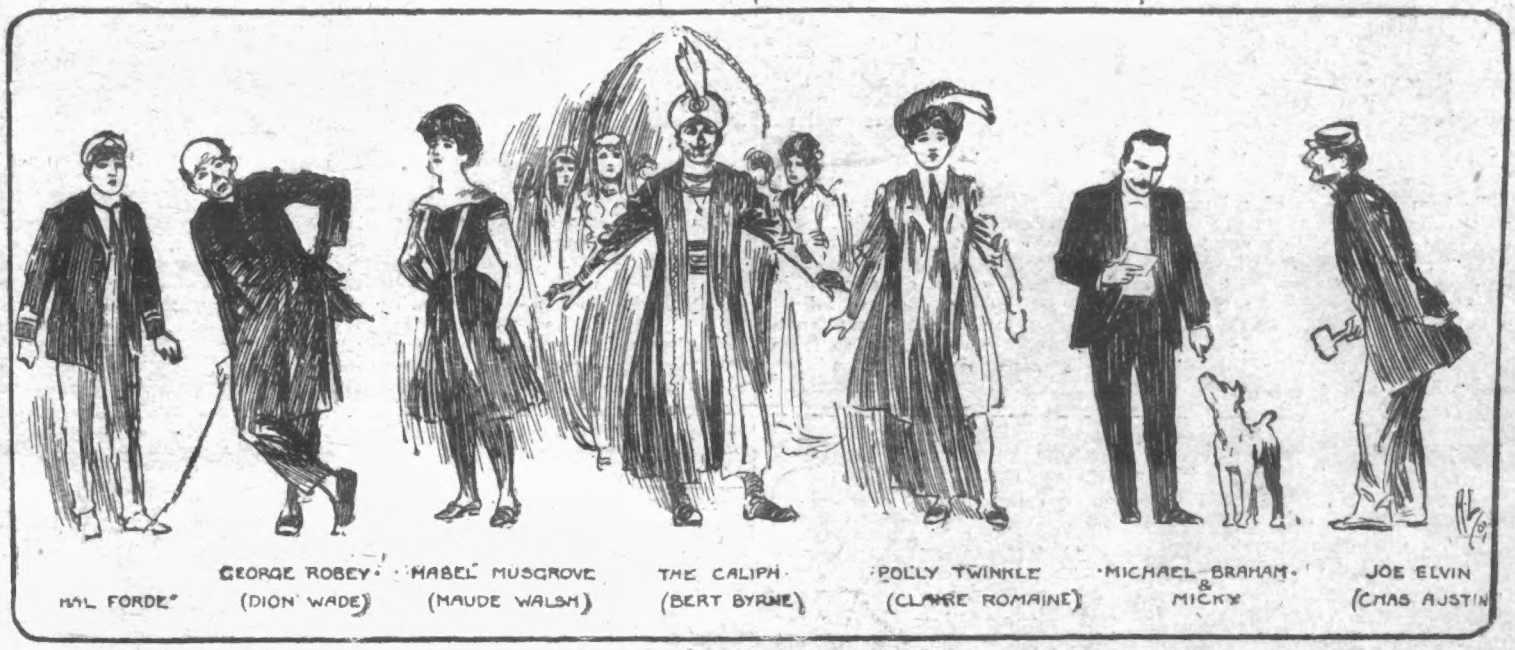
It is not our business to take a side in the "music-hall strike," but merely to record our impressions of the entertainment organised by the National Alliance. In its own way, which is described very truly on the programme as a "musical hotch-potch," the entertainment is a credit to its organisers, and it certainly amuses even if there are moments when it drags. This is a fault that time will change.

Naturally enough, opportunity is taken by the artistes to gag in connection with the strike, and though this form of humour appealed that night, it seems doubtful whether it will go down so well with an ordinary audience. On Tuesday there were stars in the front as well as on the stage, and it was to them that the gags appealed so readily. The imitations of well-known comedians was also a strong card, as some of the men imitated were in front.

The "Night With the Stars" is little more than a peg from which depend the various turns, but they are good turns, and what more can the music-hall-goer want? True, it is questionable whether it would not have been better for the management of the Scala to have depended upon a conventional programme—but that is their business. Most of the artistes taking part in the "hotch-potch" possess names well-known to the public, apart from the prominence into which they have been brought by the great strike. Among these must be mentioned Mr. Hal Forde, who is bright and breezy in the part of Dick Darrell, R.N. His songs are well delivered, and were received in an enthusiastic manner. Another of the principal performers is Bert Byrne, as Ali Ben Hassan, a very-much-married coloured gentleman. All through the bright piece Ali Ben Hassan is a prominent figure, and not for one moment does he pall.

Miss Claire Romaine, who is usually seen on the stage, if we remember rightly, in the garb of a boy, was particularly good as Polly Twinkle, while the imitation of Joe Elvin by Chas. Austin was a masterly piece of work. It may be remarked that Joe Elvin himself applauded his double heartily. The impersonation of George Robey, by Dion Wade, was also very true to life. Other notable turns on the programme were: Joe O'Gorman, Marie Kendal, Ada Colley, Alice Lloyd, Tom Leamore, Two McNaughtons, Lucy Clark, Harry Mountford, and Maude Walsh, Les Belles Americaines, the New Macs, the Mysterious Cross, Michael Braham and Micky, the Oroza Belles, Edgar Romaine in his latest success, "Come Along, Little Girl," Alec Kennedy, and The Vivians in song scena, "Arcadia."

In short, it is to be hoped that there will be "starry" nights at the beautiful Scala for some time to come.



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AFTER TEN YEARS' SEARCH.

The sinkings constructed by the Earl of Dudley at Baggeridge Woods, South Staffs, resulted in finding a 20ft. seam, together with deposits of iron ore.

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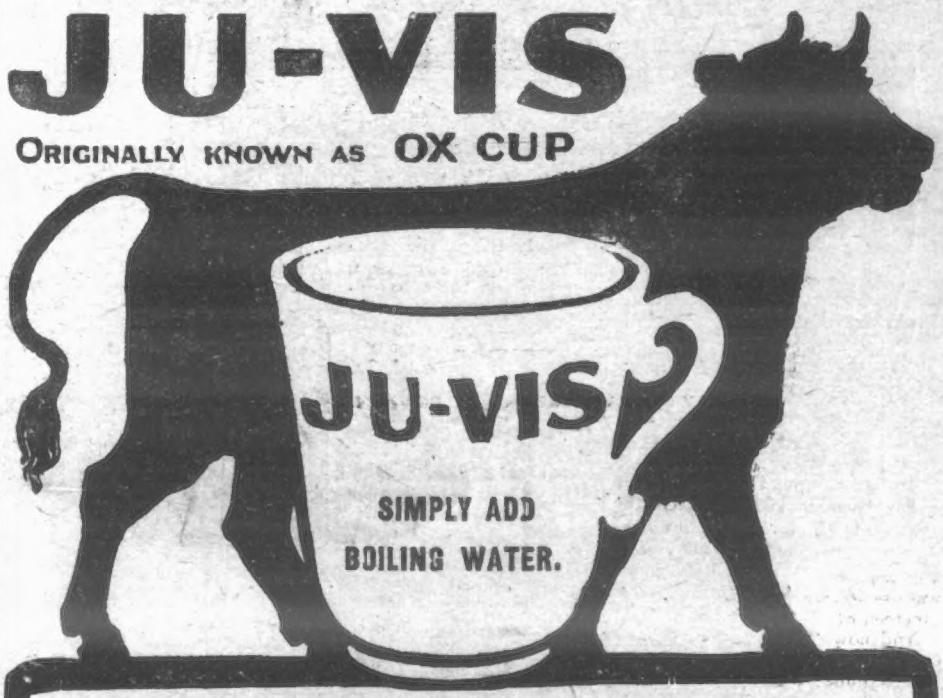

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The Editor to His Friends.

This week I am publishing a short complete story by Mr. Henry T. Johnson, an author whose work is pleasantly familiar to the majority of readers of *P.I.P.* I hope shortly to produce a particularly powerful novel by Mr. Johnson, in serial form, and am confident that it will be fully as, enthralling as its predecessors. The entire plot, the exact theme of this story, I am not in a position to disclose for the present, but next week I fully expect to give my readers some idea of the novel that Mr. Henry T. Johnson is writing specially and exclusively for the *P.I.P.*

I wish to emphasise the fact that I am always pleased to receive suggestions from my readers. Maybe it is a new feature that you will want, or one of the old ones elaborated. In either case do not hesitate to write, and rest assured that no suggestion will be passed lightly by. Have *you* anything to suggest? If so—write. My one idea is to give you what you want, not what I *think* you want, but it is impossible for me to do this entirely to your satisfaction unless you voice your wishes.

To turn to matters of a less personal character. Is there not sensation and to spare just now? Yet with it all we in England may deem ourselves fortunate. Science can no doubt tell us why Jamaica is cursed with earthquakes while we are spared, and why the eyes of the average stay-at-home Briton are not dazed by sights that are not good to look upon; but we who have not scientific minds should, in our ignorance, be content.

In England we must, naturally enough, have our murders and, morally, worse crimes, but even in this respect we appear to be more fortunate than some nations. Has there ever been in Great Britain anything quite so bad, so ghastly in its revelation of things that were better left hidden, as the trial of Harry K. Thaw, the young American millionaire? True, there is the murder of William Whiteley, but even that sinks into insignificance before the lurid sensationalism of the great Thaw trial. In this America has once more shown the world that she is not accustomed to doing things on a small scale, but for once, at least, we do not envy her her greatness. And even now, though it seems impossible at first sight, there are more depths to be plumbed, and more tangled skeins of evidence to be unravelled with painful publicity. It seems almost that the time has come when a Censor of Public Trials should be appointed, for it cannot be good that cases like the Thaw trial should be chronicled, set up into hard, convincing type, so that those who come after us may read, and, we hope, wonder at a wickedness that their own world—I speak of an indefinite date in the future—will not know.

A great disaster has come near to shocking Great Britain this week, for the explosion at Woolwich Arsenal might have meant a long list of dead and dying. It seems almost impossible that such a disaster, which wrecked windows situated fully a mile away, can have been unattended by loss of human life, or, so far as can be ascertained, of serious injury.

YOUR EDITOR.

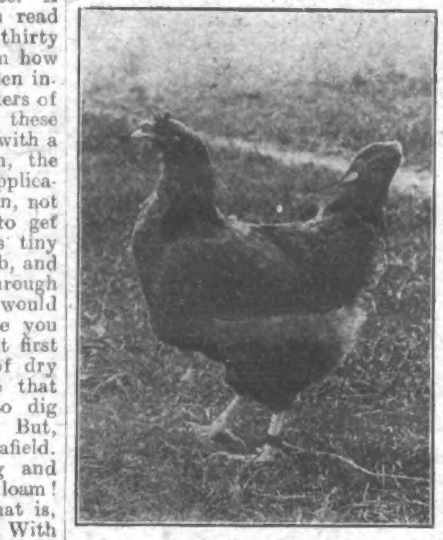
"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Inoculating the Soil.

PROFESSOR BOTTOMLEY appears to have struck a new charm, if we may judge by our correspondence. A pitman who has read the "P.I.P." for thirty years asks "if we can tell him how to get the soil in his little garden inoculated by those 'wonder-workers of the soil.'" You must take these scientific views and statements with a grain of salt, as to, we mean, the possibility of their practical application. Nitrogin for instance—gin, not gen, please—you would have to get down into the earth from its tiny bottleful the size of your thumb, and to distribute it so evenly through the bulk that the whole area would become impregnated. How are you to do that? We should suggest first incorporating it with a heap of dry earth, and then to distribute that heap over the surface, and to dig or plough it underground. But, think also a little farther afield. Think of the mass of living and active life in a turf of virgin loam! There is teeming animation, that is, in the bacteriological view. With what would anyone desire to impregnate this already most fertile medium withal? Can one improve it, and for what purpose?

Planting in Clay Soil.

IN parts of Essex and Sussex many people have of late been induced to take up land for fruit culture and for poultry farms consisting of stiff, strong clay. At the first blush one who hears that some of these places are working and paying may say, how remarkable! Yet it is quite easy to get into a system of working clay land so that it shall be productive. Take the two climatic extremes of clay soil as we find them: in summer with the porosity of a sieve, and in winter with the adhesiveness of clay—we cannot apply a better term. In the very hot August of



Egg-laying Competition at Rayne: Buff Orpington pullet, the winning bird.

last year we watered and watered our cauliflowers, etc., that were growing in strong clay soil, and we seemed to be watering in vain, so far as getting any moisture on the surface soil to remain. The water simply fell through and seemed to find no bottom. But the crops on that soil—brassicas, beet, carrots, onions, and peas and beans—all grew and yielded remarkably well. So with fruit trees and bush fruit. There is no getting away from the fact that fruit often does better on the clay than on any other soil in the same neighbourhood. It depends, of course, on the working. One has to catch it when it is just fit for the cultural operation. Three or four hours after a heavy rainfall, for instance, or from that to half a day, it will work delightfully. A day later and it will be as hard as flints again. So, too, with regard to manuring. Clay soil will take and make the very best use of the richest manures. Blood and slaughterhouse offal will return a better result for working in amongst fruit trees than for any other use.

The Use of Manure.

ACTUALLY the action of manure on soils is threefold. First, incidentally, it conveys to the soil at its first deposit thereupon or therein the inorganic elements that are generating in it. Next, manure contains decomposable vegetable elements which in the moist earth will form humus. And, thirdly, it gives up, in the shape of phosphates, silican, etc., the earth particles of which and by which its structure was originally formed. Thus, from manure, the earth receives back its mineral and other organic and inorganic components, and is again replenished and restored to a state of activity and fertility. "A teacher" can experiment simply on soils by obtaining samples of old pasture turf, clay soil, and old dung-sick garden soil, and by dissolving part of each in a shallow plate in clear water and letting them settle and clear mark and point out the remarkable differences each will show under a small pocket lens or magnifying glass.

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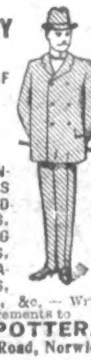

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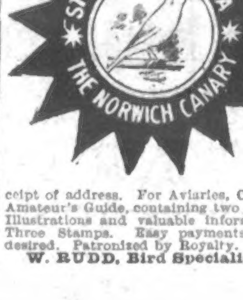

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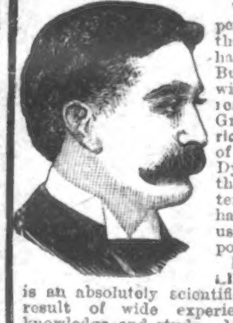

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I want you to test it on your own hair, and I absolutely guarantee success. I will give you a bottle free if you call, or will send a bottle in private wrapper on receipt of three penny stamps to pay postage and packing.

PROF. PAUL LIND
(Dept. 158B), 54, Duke St., Mayfair, LONDON. (2 Doors from Oxford St.)

GRAMOPHONES,
PHONOGRAPHS, ORGANETTES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description.
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.
CARRIAGE PAID.
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SPECIALLY LOW INSTALMENT TERMS.
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CURED.
Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW?"
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Free Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been formed to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments. For further particulars see page 15 *Weekly Times and Echo*, and for forms of application apply by letter to The Free Teeth Association, 177 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

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Old False Teeth are no use to you—turn them into cash.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., Desk 111, Princes Street, Ipswich, give highest value.

Baby Cars direct from factory on approval, carriage paid. We save you 5s. in the £1; cash, or easy payments from 4s. monthly. Send for splendid new Catalogue, free.—Direct Public Supply Co., Dept. 27, Coventry.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

We will give **£75** for the correct solution of this rebus. Take your time about it, even consult friends or your library, then if you think you are right, send your solution—a post-card will do. It represents a familiar saying derived from the English version of a famous Spanish book, edited by a noted writer who died in the 6th decade of the 19th century. Remember there is only one exactly correct solution. Probably very few will send in the right solution, if more than one is received we shall invite three contestants to award the cash *pro rata*. If you find nine words correctly you will participate in a Second Prize of £60. Other handsome cash prizes of £15, £10, and £5 will be given, and there is only one easy condition, which need cost you nothing, and about which we will write when we receive your solution. Finally, every promise in this advertisement will be scrupulously carried out, and all will be treated with even-handed justice.

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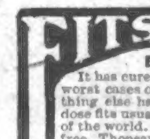
FITS CURED
By OZERINE.
It has cured permanently the very worst cases of **Epilepsy** when everything else had failed. From the first dose fits usually cease. Sent to all parts of the world. **2/9, 4/6, and 11/-**, post free. Thousands of testimonials. Write for a free bottle and test it.
I. W. Nicholl, Phar. Chemist (Dept. 26), 25 High St., Belfast.

5s. M'thly.



SENT ON APPROVAL. FREE on Rails Norwich. Send no deposit. Special Offer. A high grade Cycle for cash, **£4 10s.** Victorys, Swifts, Singers, Premiers, Centaurs, Triumphs, Rudge-Whitworths, Humbers, etc., **£2 10s.** to **£8 10s.**, and from **5s.** monthly. Write for terms.—Derehamroad Cycle Co., Norwich.

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Actual Makers of Best and Cheapest Elastic Indiarubber Goods.
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HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

Modern Methods of Money-Making.

A GOOD BOOK TO READ.

At the present day it is open to the average man to so take advantage of simple means of investment that sums of money, no matter how small, can be utilised in profitable ways.

A great many people know nothing of these things, and are content to allow their money to remain in savings banks, where the interest yield is so small as to be practically worthless. Three per cent. may be all very well for the bulk of a man's spare capital, but it should always be remembered that very much larger yields can be secured with scarcely any risk. It is not, of course, urged that a man should endeavour to utilise all his spare money at a high rate of interest, but that a certain proportion might be so used is coming to be a current view of the right side of things.

As a result of the demand for authoritative enlightenment along these lines, there has been written a book which is what it purports to be—an essay "On the Scientific Increase of Income." The whole of this book is directed towards showing the unwisdom of being content with an insignificant return upon investments, when with scarcely any greater risk surplus funds can be used much more advantageously. The small investor cannot but be interested in the various methods of increasing income which this book describes. In page after page will be found clear suggestions and descriptions of methods for obtaining ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent., while towards the end of the book are described methods of a more speculative character, whereby, with of course, some increased risk, sums of money can be doubled and at times trebled.

One feature of the book is a description of the method by which an interest may be obtained in stocks and shares by depositing only a small part of the market value. For example, the reader will bear find how, by investing only £5, he can obtain complete control for the time being of £500 worth of stock, with all the advantages which that control implies. His possible loss is strictly limited to the £5 deposited so that in no way can he be taken out of his depth. The method of controlling stocks is used by the great capitalists of the world, and has been brought to its highest pitch in America, where Wall Street is the birthplace of millionaires. Investing in stocks and shares on deposit, however, is only one of the many ways described in the book. The whole volume, which can be easily read in the course of an hour, will be found a liberal education in modern methods of money-making, and by acting upon the advice contained therein, it is possible for continuous profits to be made by positive beginners. A copy will be sent free of charge to anybody who writes to Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 429), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

Real help

Watson's Matchless Cleanser

The most useful, the most dependable, and most economical home-helper ever devised. Watson's Matchless Cleanser will shorten your hours of work and go a very long way towards making your days pleasanter. It will make wash-day easy—easy for you—easy for the clothes.

Start the *easier* life to-day—with Watson's Matchless Cleanser.

Watson's Matchless Cleanser is—and always has been—made in full-weight pound tablets at 3d. Save the wrappers.

Watson's Nubolic

Nubolic cleans everything in your home—and saves doctors' bills! Its purifying, refreshing character makes it an ideal soap for toilet or bath. It is capital for keeping children free from disorders that are incidental to school-life. Also in bedrooms, smoke-rooms, pantries, and sculleries, its value as a purifier is unique. Its use is commended by many doctors and nurses.

Start the *healthier* life to-day—with Watson's Nubolic. Tablets, 2½d. and 3d. Save all the wrappers.

Watson's Sparkla

Sparkla makes things sparkle! At 1d. a tablet Sparkla is the biggest bargain obtainable. Try Sparkla on your pots and pans, on your tin, copper, brass, and ironwork, see the splendid effect almost immediately. Scour your floors and tables with Sparkla. Remove those obstinate stains, and that unsightly rust. Artisans, mechanics, machinists, motorists, will find Sparkla worth many times the penny that is asked for it.

Start the *brighter* life to-day—with Watson's Sparkla and save the Wrappers.

531,992 Prizes worth £126,198

First Distribution closes

MARCH 31.

Twelve Cash Prizes:

(2 £100, 2 £90, 2 £80, 2 £70, 2 £60, 2 £50) £900

	£	s.	d.
10 Pianos, value	500	0	0
20 Organs, value	400	0	0
200 Jones' Full Drawing Room Sewing Machine Cabinets	3200	0	0
200 Oak Canteens, containing 100 pieces of A1 Silver Plate and Cutlery, value	2100	0	0
250 Jones' Medium Drop Head Cabinet Ball Bearing Treadle Sewing Machines, value	2593	15	0
500 Jones' C. S. Hand or Treadle Ball Bearing Sewing Machines (on Extension Leaf Table, with Cover), complete	4250	0	0
1500 Jones' C. S. Hand-sewing Machines, with cover	9000	0	0
200 Tea and Coffee Sets, A1 Silver Plated, value	1050	0	0
300 Watches, value	945	0	0
300 Cases Fish Knives and Forks, 12 Pairs, value	600	0	0
300 Gent's Gold Filled Watches	750	0	0
300 Timepieces, value	675	0	0
300 Ladies' Dressing Cases	630	0	0
600 Ladies' Silver Watches	970	0	0
600 Cases Fish Knives and Forks (½-doz), value	900	0	0
600 Cases of Carvers (seven pieces), Silver mounted	600	0	0
600 Tea Services, value	900	0	0
1200 Biscuit Boxes, A1	1260	0	0
1200 Watches, value	1260	0	0
1800 Coffee Pots, value	1575	0	0
1800 Cases Tea Spoons, and Sugar Tongs (1-doz)	1485	0	0
1800 Pairs Blankets, value	1395	0	0
3000 Gent's Umbrellas	2250	0	0
3000 Ladies' Umbrellas	2250	0	0
3000 Pairs of Sheets, value	1875	0	0
3000 Cases of Carvers	2250	0	0
3600 Tablecloths, value	2250	0	0
3600 Table Forks (½-doz.), A1 Silver Plated value	1080	0	0
3600 Counterpanes, value	1890	0	0
3600 Cases Tea Spoons and A1 Sugar Tongs	1890	0	0
3600 Watches, value	1800	0	0
3600 Large Table Knives, Silver mounted (½ doz.)	1620	0	0
3600 Dress Lengths, value	1620	0	0
3600 Silk Shirts, value	1605	0	0
3600 Cream Jugs A1 e-P.	1440	0	0
3600 Small Knives (½ dozen) Sterling Silver mounted,	1440	0	0
3600 Serge Dress Lengths, value	1350	0	0
3600 Single Blankets, value	1170	0	0
30000 Tea Spoons (½ dozen), A1 Silver Plated, value	7500	0	0
30000 Coloured Shawls	7375	0	0
30000 Large Table Knives (½ dozen)	6375	0	0
30000 Dessert Forks (½ dozen)	5625	0	0

and Hundreds of Thousands of other prizes

This record-breaking Distribution of Gifts is in two separate sections, each comprising 265,996 prizes value £63,099—

Wrappers must be sent in for the first Distribution on or before March 31st

—and for the second on or before December 31st. Highest prizes for highest number of wrappers from any or all of these soaps. Even thirty wrappers will secure a prize. Full list and all particulars from your grocer, or free for a postcard, from

JOS. WATSON & SONS, LTD., Whitehall Soap Works, LEEDS.

Rely on O'Brien and secure a high-grade COVENTRY MADE CYCLE for £4-10-0 CASH.

Rudge-Whitworths, Centaurs, Coventry Challenge, Swifts, Humbers, Progress, Premiers, Rovers, and Singers, from 5/- Sent on approval. Lists Free. Monthly

EDW. O'BRIEN, LTD., World's Largest Cycle Dealer, (Dept. P. 8), COVENTRY.

10 Years Guarantee

Hayman's Balsam

CURES COUGH & COLD

Sold Everywhere. 9½d., 1/-, 2/6.

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We want an opportunity to convince you that

BLANCHARD'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS

Supersede Pennyroyal, Pil Cochia, and Bitter Apple. We will send you sample free on receipt of one stamp for postage

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Chlorodyne

is the best remedy known for

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIARRHŒA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.

Admitted by the Profession to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

For More Than Twenty Years

DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS

have been universally admitted to be a BOON TO WOMANKIND. They are the best-known Remedy for Anæmia, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Loss of Appetite, Hysteria, Palpitation of the Heart, Debility, Depression, Weakness, and all Female Ailments. Boxes, 9½d., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/-. May be had from Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or from the PROPRIETOR (only address), 309 Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W. DR. DAVIS'S invaluable little book SENT FREE on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

To Lovers of their Gardens

You cannot do better than consult our Illustrated Guide for Amateur Gardeners, Spring, 1907, 164 to pages, 154 illustrations, 2 coloured plates, and many cultural hints. In it you will find catalogued every description of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, all of the finest quality, and at most moderate prices. It deals also largely with Nursery Stock—Fruit Trees, Roses, Plants, etc.—in fact with Everything Required for the Garden. Our reputation has been built up on the quality of the seeds and plants we sell. A copy will be sent gratis on receipt of a post card addressed to—

Daniels Bros Ltd BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING NORWICH.

15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 25/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

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Do you cycle during the winter months?

If so, let your tyres be

"SPECIAL"

DUNLOPS

which render you

ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT

of weather conditions. "Special" Dunlops are made with extra thick rubber tread, and extra thick tube, and are the top tyres for durability.

"There's clay pipes an' briar pipes an' meerschaum pipes as well;
There's plain pipes an' fancy pipes—things just made to sell."

It is what you put in your pipe that counts. To have become so very popular so soon after it was introduced is the best evidence that

Gallaher's
"Gold Bond" Mixture

has the "quality" most smokers want at the price they want to pay. You will like "Gold Bond." If you havn't tried it yet don't wait, but get a packet to-day.

Sold in 1-oz. packets and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins.

TESTING SAMPLE FREE.

If you will send us *your* name and address, and also give us the name and address of your tobacconist, we will send *you*, post free, a Testing Sample of "Gold Bond" Mixture.

GOLD BOND CIGARETTES.
The Cigarette with the Indefinable charm

Gallaher, Ltd. (Dept. 117), Belfast.
We belong to no Ring or Combine.

PLANTOL SOAP

represents a new feature in the art of soap-making. It is made from fruit and vegetable oils, and contains no animal fat. Alone, these oils are soothing and emollient. When delicately blended and manufactured into Plantol Soap, they act as a balm to the skin.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.